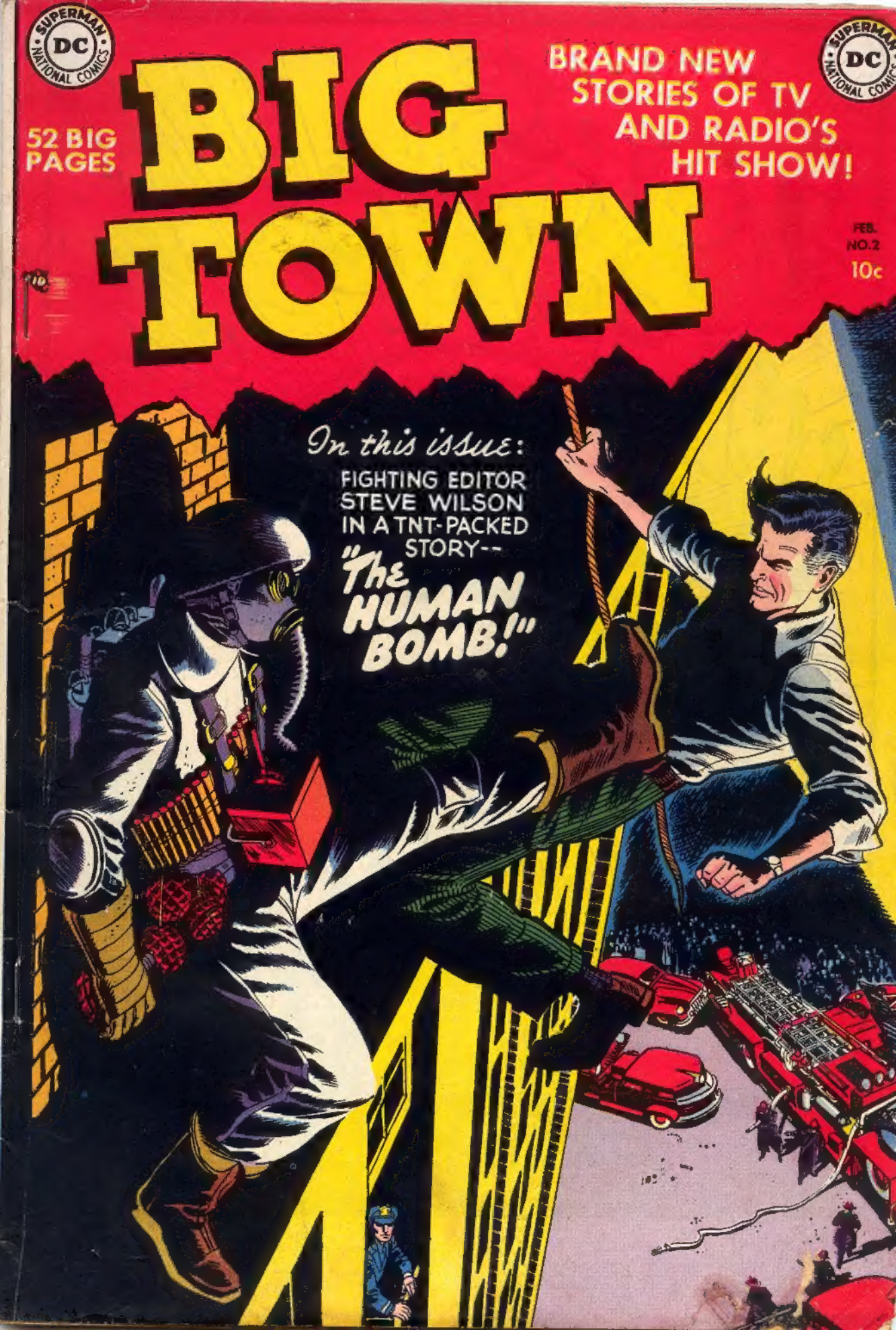
SUPERMAN
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52 BIG PAGES
BIG TOWN
BRAND NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOW!
FEB.
NO. 2
10c
In this issue:
FIGHTING EDITOR STEVE WILSON IN A TNT-PACKED STORY--
"The HUMAN BOMB!"

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Printed in U.S.A.

# BIG TOWN

**SCOOP!**.. A MAGIC WORD THAT SETS THE PULSE BEATING IN ANY NEWSPAPERMAN! IT HAS LONG BEEN THE TRADITION OF THE PRESS TO "BEAT THE OPPOSITION"--TO GET THE STORY AND GET IT IN PRINT BEFORE THE COMPETITION! BUT IN THIS DAY OF TELETYPE NETWORKS, WIRE SERVICES, RADIO AND WIRE PHOTOS, INDIVIDUAL SCOOPS ARE RARER AND RARER TO ACHIEVE. IN AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP UP WITH THE "GET IT OUT FAST" CUSTOM, STEVE WILSON--BATTLING EDITOR OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS--GETS AN ***AIRPLANE*** TO COVER ON-THE-SCENE EVENTS WHICH WILL MAKE THE FRONT PAGE... BUT HE NEARLY MAKES THE OBITUARY COLUMNS, WHEN, WITH A GUN IN HIS BACK, HE FLASHES HIS BIGGEST STORY DIRECT TO THE ROARING PRESSES FROM...

## "The FLYING CITY ROOM!"

DAN BARRY

MONDAY, MAY 23RD OF LAST YEAR, WAS A MOMENTOUS DAY FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, BIG TOWN'S LEADING NEWSPAPER FOR, ON THAT MORNING, EDITOR STEVE WILSON OPENED A PACKAGE, AND...

LOOK, FELLOWS, CHAMPAGNE!

CHAMPAGNE? IN THE CITY ROOM? THIS IS THE BIGGEST STORY SINCE "MAN-BITES-DOG!"

FIRST COME-- FIRST SERVED, STEVE! HERE'S MY CUP!

WE DON'T DRINK THIS CHAMPAGNE, BOYS! THIS IS ONE OF THOSE SPECIAL BOTTLES! NOW-- EVERYBODY IS INVITED FOR A LITTLE RIDE! COME ON! IT'S A BIG SPECIAL OCCASION! AND BRING CAMERAS!

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS EMPLOYEES DROVE OUT TO BIG TOWN'S AIRPORT, AND THERE THEY GAZED WIDE-EYED AT...

HANGAR II

AN AIRPLANE! HEY! IT'S OURS! LOOK AT THE NAME ON IT!

THE FLYING CITY ROOM

YES-- OUR PLANE! NOW WHEN HOT STORIES BREAK, WE CAN FLY RIGHT TO THE SCENE AND BY USE OF THE PLANE'S RADIO, SPEED THE DETAILS BACK TO THE PAPER ALMOST IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEY OCCUR!

OUR PILOT WILL BE NONE OTHER THAN THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND ABLE GENTLEMAN WHO SO OFTEN HAS PLACED HIS TAXI-CAB AT OUR DISPOSAL! HARRY THE HACK! HIS WARTIME FLYING EXPERIENCE HAS MADE AN EXCELLENT PILOT OF HIM! TAKE HER AWAY, HARRY!

SURE, MR. WILSON! AS THEY SAY-- CONTACT! SITTIN' BULL... ULPS... I MEAN, GERONIMO!

HARRY THE HACK CLIMBED IN, WARMED UP THE PLANE. THEN, WHILE FLASHBULBS POPPED AND CAMERAS CLICKED, LORELEI KILBOURNE STEPPED FORTH AND CHRISTENED THE SHIP...

I CHRISTEN YOU "THE FLYING CITY ROOM." GOOD LUCK!

EXCELLENT, LORELEI! TAKE OFF, HARRY! IT'S THE FIRST FLIGHT!

SPLAT!

THE PLANE SHOT DOWN THE RUNWAY, THEN LIFTED ITSELF TOWARD THE SKY...

NOW BACK TO WORK, BOYS! WE'VE GOT A PAPER TO TURN OUT--AND HERE'S HOPING IT PRINTS A LOT OF STORIES FLASHED IN BY THE FLYING CITY ROOM!

DURING THE ENSUING WEEKS, THE PLANE WAS TO PROVE ITS VALUE MANY TIMES OVER! A BOAT BLEW UP IN A HARBOR, THREE STATES AWAY -- ON A FRIDAY NIGHT...

WITHIN TWO HOURS AFTER THE TREMENDOUS BLAST, STEVE WILSON AND HIS ACE PHOTOGRAPHER, DUSTY MILLER, WERE IN THE FLYING PRESS ROOM, CIRCLING OVER THE STILL-BURNING WATERFRONT...

WE'RE JUST BELOW THE PALL OF SMOKE COVERING THE CITY! WE'RE CIRCLING OVER THE STRICKEN AREA, NOW SEETHING WITH FIREFIGHTING CREWS...

STEVE'S EVERY WORD WAS CARRIED VIA SHORT-WAVE TO THE CITY ROOM OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS. REWRITE MEN MADE TYPE-WRITERS SING...

WE'RE GOING DOWN LOWER FOR PICTURES...

SECOND TAKE! COPY BOY--THEY'RE WAITING FOR THIS IN THE PRESS ROOM!

IT'S AMAZING! COMPLETE DETAILS OF THE STORY WILL BE ON THE STREET WITHIN THREE HOURS AFTER THE ACCIDENT!

A TRAIN WRECK AT TREACHEROUS BOAR'S HEAD BEND, JUST OUTSIDE OF SARANVILLE, WAS COVERED BY AIR EXACTLY TWENTY MINUTES AFTER THE CAR JUMPED THE TRACKS...

... THE TRAIN WAS A HOT-SHOT FREIGHT, MADE UP OF FORTY-SEVEN CARS. NO LIVES WERE LOST, LUCKILY! AMBULANCES HAVE ARRIVED...

ON JUNE 28TH, DURING THE BIG FLOOD AT ALLENDALE, "THE FLYING CITY ROOM" HOVERED ABOVE, REPORTING THE STORY DETAIL BY DETAIL...

THE WATERS HAVE REACHED THEIR GREATEST HEIGHTS. IT IS NOW 5 P.M... WE THINK WE SEE VICTIMS BELOW IN THE RAGING TORRENTS. WE'RE DROPPING LOWER...

TWO PEOPLE DOWN THERE-- SHOOT 'EM A LIFE RAFT! WE'VE GOT SOME IN THE EMERGENCY KIT!

OKAY, STEVE! RIGHT AWAY!

THIS IT?

YES! IT'S A "CARTRIDGE" TYPE LIFE RAFT! RIGHT NOW IT'S DEFLATED-- BUT WHEN YOU PULL THAT STRING, IT'LL SWELL UP! HURRY!

MOMENTS LATER, THE "CARTRIDGE" LIFE RAFT WAS INFLATED AND DROPPED-- AND THE STRUGGLING VICTIMS MADE THEIR WAY TO IT...

OKAY, HARRY! THEY'VE GOT THE RAFT! THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW... AT LEAST FOR AWHILE!

THAT NIGHT, THE PAPERS HIT THE STREETS...

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

"FLYING CITY ROOM" AIDS IN LIFE-SAVING

STORY ON PAGE 2 COL. 1

"THE FLYING CITY ROOM" IS SURE PAYING OFF, STEVE! WE'VE HAD SCOOPS ON HALF A DOZEN STORIES ALREADY!

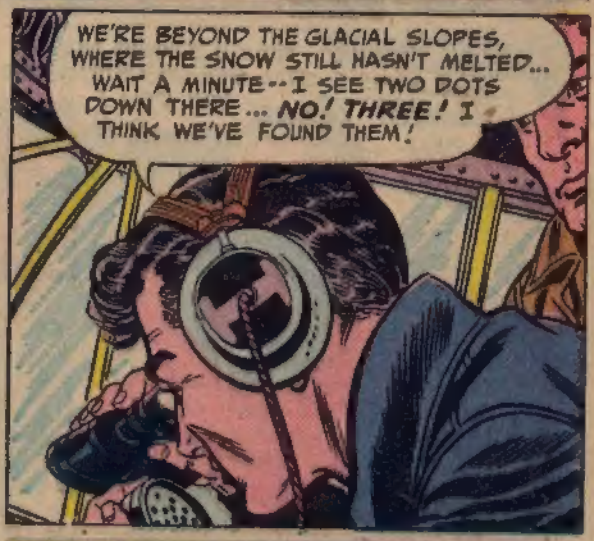
YES! AND IT ALSO WILL ENABLE US TO HELP OUT ON OCCASIONS-- SUCH AS AT THE FLOOD! ONE MOMENT, LORELEI -- THE PHONE...

R-R-RRRINGG!

WHAT'S THAT? YES-- JUST A MOMENT! SURE, I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF IT! THANKS, JIM! STAY ON THE SCENE! I'LL FLY UP THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
WHAT IS IT, STEVE?

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING ACCIDENT! THREE YOUTHS ARE MISSING! JIM CRANE WAS COVERING A STORY NEAR THERE AND HEARD ALL ABOUT IT! GET HARRY THE HACK! WE'RE LEAVING AT ONCE! AND I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF CERTAIN EQUIPMENT WE NEED!

LESS THAN TWO HOURS LATER, THE NEWSPAPER CRAFT WAS FLYING OVER THE TRICKY AND TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN RANGE, SEEKING THREE MISSING YOUTHS IN AN AREA WHERE YOU COULD HIDE AN ARMY...

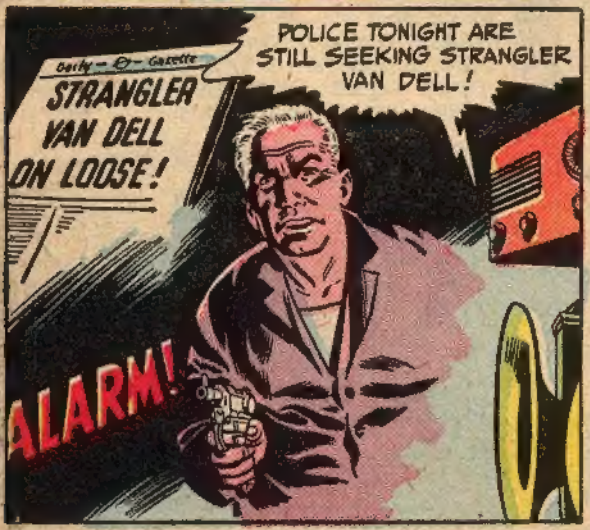

WE'RE BEYOND THE GLACIAL SLOPES, WHERE THE SNOW STILL HASN'T MELTED... WAIT A MINUTE--I SEE TWO DOTS DOWN THERE... NO! THREE! I THINK WE'VE FOUND THEM!

CIRCLE BACK, HARRY-- GET RIGHT OVER THEM! WE'LL DROP A KIT OF FOOD, CANNED HEAT, MATCHES, SNOW GLASSES, AND A PORTABLE SHORT-WAVE RADIO!
OKAY, MR. WILSON! I'M BANKIN' AN' GOIN' BACK!

LATER THAT NIGHT...
READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! FLYING CITY ROOM SAVES MOUNTAIN-CLIMBERS FROM GLACIERS! EXTRA! EXTRA!

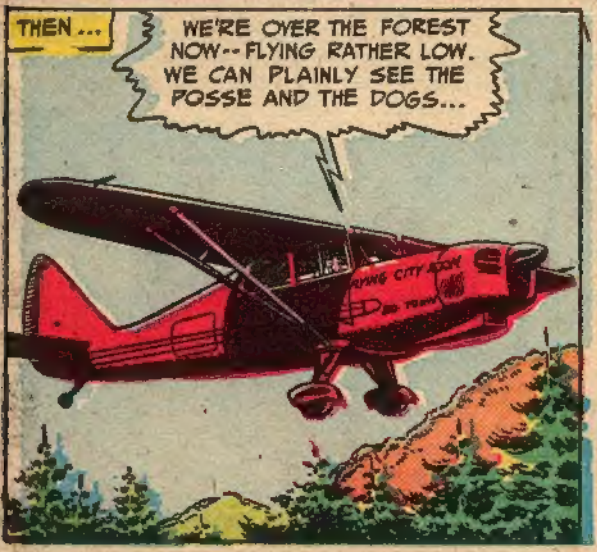
AND ON THIS SAME EVENING, THE NIGHT OF JUNE 12TH A HURRIED CALL WAS SENT FROM THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT A WESTERN STATE PRISON...

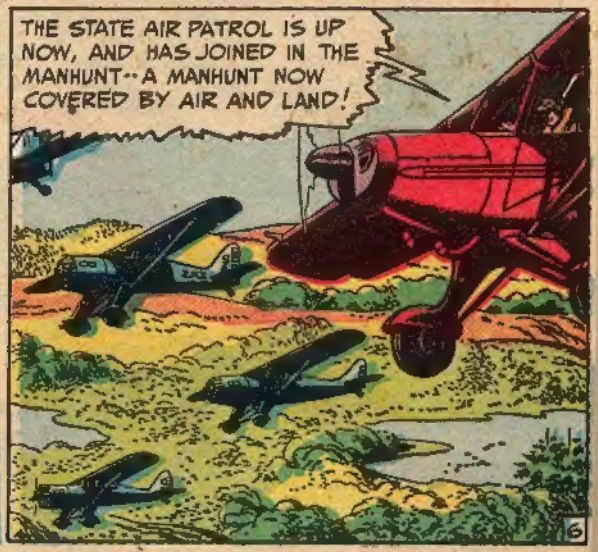
THAT'S RIGHT--STRANGLER VAN DELL! HE WAS SCHEDULED FOR EXECUTION, BUT HE KILLED ONE OF THE TRUSTIES, TOOK HIS PLACE--AND ESCAPED! WE'VE GOT THE ALARM OUT NOW!




THE BATTLING EDITOR OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, HIS SECRETARY, AND HARRY THE HACK FLEW TO THE SCENE OF THE CHASE FOR AN ON-THE-SPOT COVERAGE OF THE STORY...

WE THINK VAN DELL'S HEADED INTO THE PETRIFIED FOREST, ABOUT SIX MILES SOUTH OF HERE! THE DOGS AND THE POSSE HAVE GONE IN AFTER HIM!
WE'LL FLY OVER AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND! THANKS!



BACK IN BIG TOWN, REWRITE MEN STOOD BY TO TYPE UP DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CHASE AND SPEED IT TO THE WAITING PRESSES...

...WE'VE FOUND A CLEARING AND WE'RE GOING DOWN FOR A LANDING! THE FOREST IS JUST TO OUR RIGHT...

THE NEWS PLANE LANDED IN THE CLEARING, TAXIED TO THE FOREST EDGE, AND WAITED THERE FOR THE POSSE TO CATCH UP...

WE CAN HEAR THE BAYING OF THE DOGS AS THEY APPROACH! THE POSSE CAN'T BE MORE THAN HALF A MILE FROM HERE--AS THEY HUNT!

SUDDENLY THE PLANE'S DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN--AND STANDING THERE, A GUN IN HIS HAND, SNARLING...

VAN DELL!

YEAH, CHARACTERS! I'M TAKIN' OVER THIS CRATE!

YOU CAN CHANGE THE LEAD ON THE WHOLE STORY, BOYS! *VAN DELL HAS JUST ENTERED THE PLANE AND HAS A GUN ON US!*

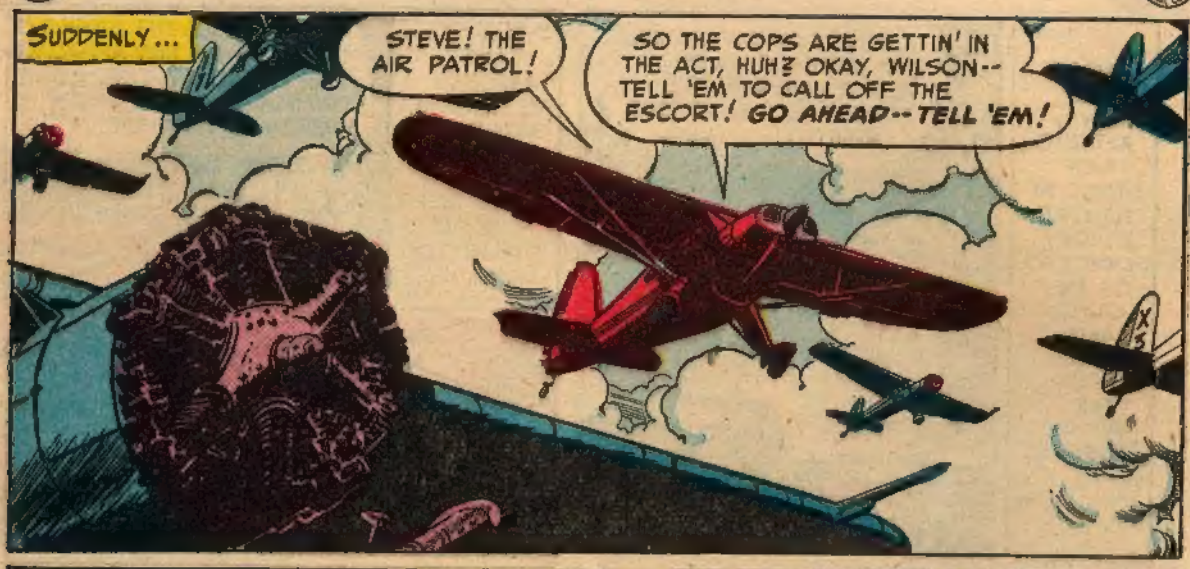
SO--A BUNCH O' REPORTERS, EH? THIS'LL BE A GREAT STORY--WITH A NEW TWIST! BUT, I'M NOT SURE YOU BIRDS ARE GONNA WRITE IT!

LISTEN--AN' GET THIS STRAIGHT! GET THIS ORANGE BOX OFF THE GROUND--AN' GET STARTED FOR THE BORDER! OTHERWISE, I SHOOT THE THREE OF YA, ONE BY ONE!

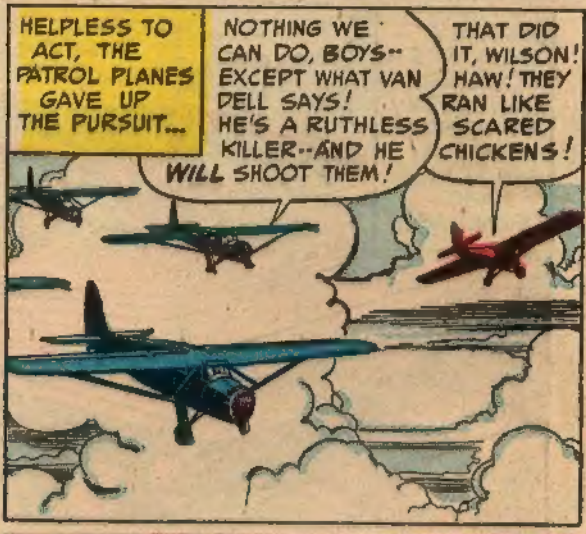
AT WILSON'S COMMAND, HARRY THE HACK TAXIED BACK INTO THE CLEARING AND TOOK OFF--AND STEVE CONTINUED TO DO HIS REPORTING WITH A GUN AT HIS BACK!

VAN DELL HAS US! HE HAS THREATENED TO SHOOT UNLESS WE DO AS HE SAYS...

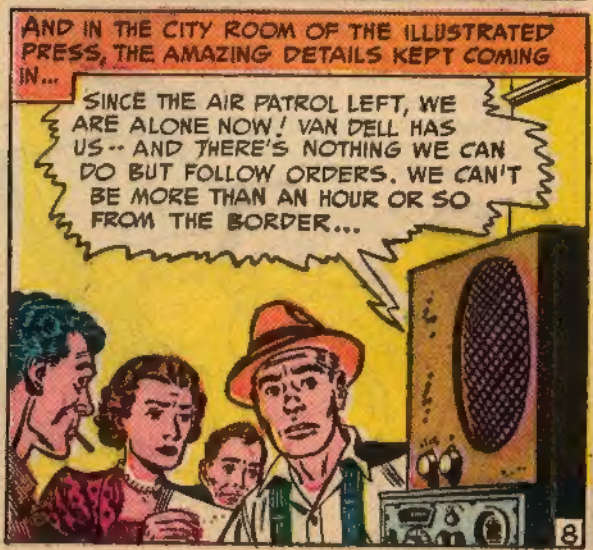
TELL 'EM THEY CAN PRINT THAT IN BIG, BOLD TYPE! HAW!


SUDDENLY...
STEVE! THE AIR PATROL!
SO THE COPS ARE GETTIN' IN THE ACT, HUH? OKAY, WILSON--TELL 'EM TO CALL OFF THE ESCORT! GO AHEAD--TELL 'EM!

WILSON TO AIR PATROL! WILSON TO AIR PATROL! VAN DELL THREATENS TO SHOOT US AT ONCE UNLESS YOU DEPART! OVER...


HELPLESS TO ACT, THE PATROL PLANES GAVE UP THE PURSUIT...
NOTHING WE CAN DO, BOYS--EXCEPT WHAT VAN DELL SAYS! HE'S A RUTHLESS KILLER--AND HE WILL SHOOT THEM!
THAT DID IT, WILSON! HAW! THEY RAN LIKE SCARED CHICKENS!

KEEP GIVIN' YOUR PAPER THE STORY, WILSON! I WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW HOW STRANGLER VAN DELL OUTSMARTED EVERYBODY AN' GOT AWAY...


AND IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, THE AMAZING DETAILS KEPT COMING IN...
SINCE THE AIR PATROL LEFT, WE ARE ALONE NOW! VAN DELL HAS US -- AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT FOLLOW ORDERS. WE CAN'T BE MORE THAN AN HOUR OR SO FROM THE BORDER...

DURING THAT TIME, THE AMAZING STORY WAS FLASHED OUT FROM RADIO STATIONS..
AND RIGHT NOW--AT THIS VERY MOMENT--STRANGLER VAN DELL HAS THE THREE VICTIMS AT HIS MERCY WHILE THE ACTUAL ESCAPE STORY IS BEING REPORTED BY STEVE WILSON, OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS! THE DETAILS ARE COMING IN AT GUNPOINT!
THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS TREATED IT AS THE STORY OF THE YEAR...
EXTRA
ILLUSTRATED PRESS
ACTUAL REPORT OF KILLER'S ESCAPE AS TOLD FROM
STEVE
WHEN'S THE NEXT EDITION COMING OUT? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO WILSON AND THE OTHERS?
WE'RE TRYING TO KEEP THEM ROLLING, MISTER! READ THE PAPER TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!
WHILE IN THE PLANE...
I AIN'T ATE NOTHIN' SINCE YESTERDAY, WILSON! GOT ANY FOOD ON THIS CRATE?
WHY, UH--
OH COURSE, VAN DELL! THERE, ABOVE YOUR HEAD, LORELEI--NEAR THE EMERGENCY CARTRIDGE KITS! GET HIM ONE!
WE KEEP EMERGENCY RATIONS ABOARD--ENCASED IN WEATHER-PROOF CANVAS! OF COURSE, IT WON'T BE A HOT STEAK DINNER WITH FRENCH FRIES, VAN DELL, BUT...
OPEN IT, LADY! THIS GUY'S ONLY MAKIN' ME HUNGRIER!
I SEE--I PULL THIS STRING, AND...
9

AND WHAT STRANGLER VAN DELL THOUGHT WAS A FOOD KIT, WAS ONE OF THE CARTRIDGE LIFE RAFTS! AS LORELEI PULLED THE RELEASE STRING, THE RAFT WAS IMMEDIATELY INFLATED-- IN VAN DELL'S FACE!
WHAT'S THIS--?
STEVE! GET HIS GUN!
EXACTLY WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO!
BLAM
AND WITHOUT LETTING GO OF THE CONTROLS, HARRY THE HACK TALKED INTO THE MIKE...
HELLO, THIS IS HARRY THE HACK! I'M DOIN' THE REPORTIN' NOW! MR. WILSON AN' VAN DELL ARE FIGHTIN'! AN' THINGS ARE GETTIN' AWFULLY HOT IN HERE!
AT THAT MOMENT, LORELEI GRABBED A SMALL CO-2 FIRE EXTINGUISHER, SAW HER CHANCE, AND...
I GOT INTO PRACTICE FOR THIS BY SWINGING A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE!
IT'S ALL OVER -- AN' THE LADY WINS! A CLEAN KNOCKOUT!
LIKE HARRY SAID, IT'S ALL OVER! VAN DELL IS NOW OUR PRISONER-- AND WE'RE COMING IN WITH HIM! BUT FIRST, A WORD FROM THE "CHAMP!"... GO AHEAD, LORELEI...
THERE'S NOTHING TO SAY, EXCEPT GET THAT EDITION OUT! AFTER ALL, WE'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT DEADLINES!
AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY...
A CARTRIDGE LIFE RAFT, A HUNGRY KILLER -- AND A LADY WITH A FIRE EXTINGUISHER! WHAT A STORY!
KILLER CAPTURED IN FLYING CITY ROOM!
10
The End

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WITH

# STRAIGHT ARROW

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*the breakfast full of POWER from Niagara Falls*

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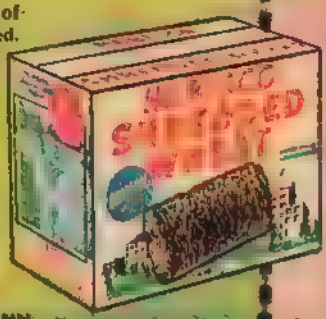


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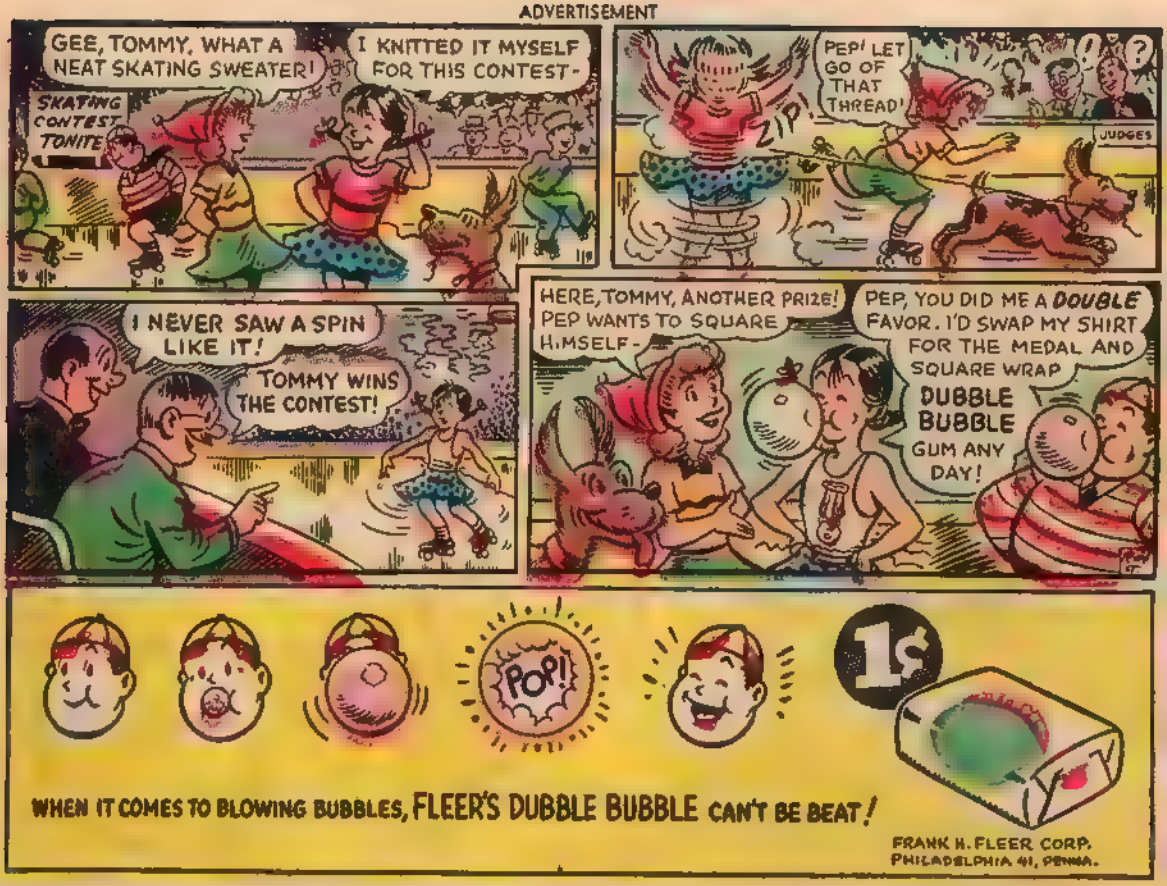
GEE, TOMMY, WHAT A NEAT SKATING SWEATER!
I KNITTED IT MYSELF FOR THIS CONTEST-
SKATING CONTEST TONITE
PEP! LET GO OF THAT THREAD!
ZIP!
JUDGES
I NEVER SAW A SPIN LIKE IT!
TOMMY WINS THE CONTEST!
HERE, TOMMY, ANOTHER PRIZE! PEP WANTS TO SQUARE HIMSELF-
PEP, YOU DID ME A DOUBLE FAVOR. I'D SWAP MY SHIRT FOR THE MEDAL AND SQUARE WRAP
DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM ANY DAY!
POP!
1¢
WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!
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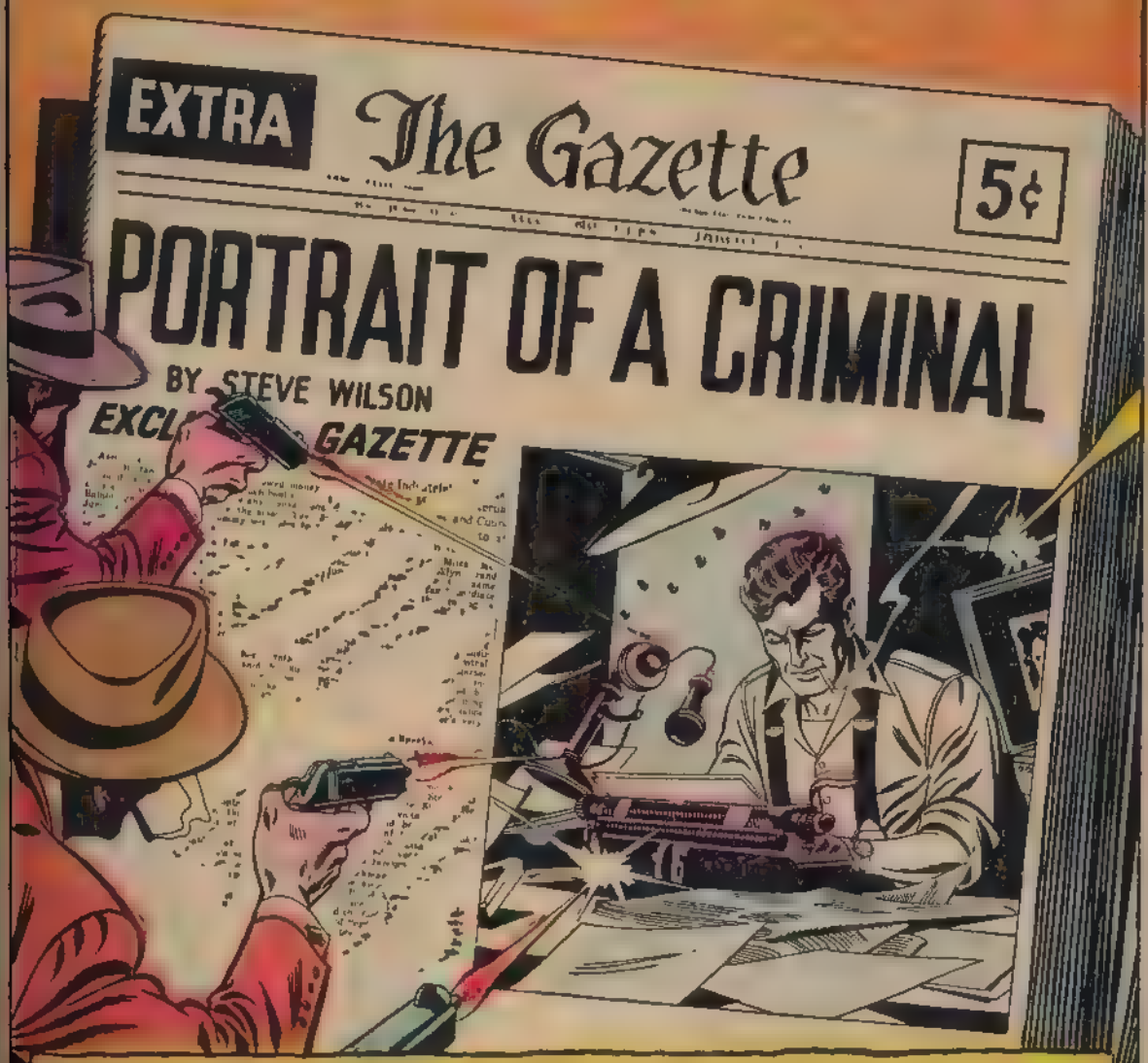
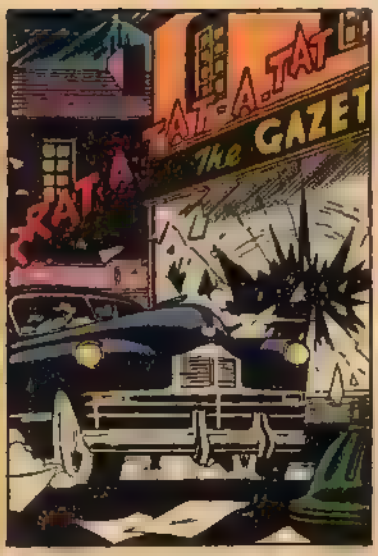
# BIG TOWN




IN A WAY, A SMALL TOWN IS LIKE A BIG TOWN -- ESPECIALLY WHEN TROUBLE HITS AND EVERYBODY FEELS IT! RIVERVIEW WAS AN EXAMPLE -- A QUAINT, SUBURBAN VILLAGE... ***ON THE SURFACE!*** BUT BEHIND THE SCENES LURKED THE CLUTCHING HAND OF GANGSTERISM, CONTROLLING THE VERY LIVES OF RIVERVIEW CITIZENS AND THROTTLING THE TOWN'S ONLY NEWSPAPER! SO WHEN STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING EDITOR OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, DECIDED TO MEET A DEADLINE AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD, IT APPEARED THAT HE MIGHT WRITE HIS OWN OBITUARY INSTEAD OF A SENSATIONAL EXPOSE OF...

## "The GANGSTER BOSS OF SMALL TOWN!"

ONE THINKS, PERHAPS, THAT THE COUGHING OF TOMMY-GUNS AND THE EXPLODING OF PINEAPPLE GRENADES ARE THE TRADEMARKS ***ONLY*** OF A BIG TOWN. WELL, TAKE THE TINY TOWN OF RIVERVIEW, POP. 26,000. THE MONTH IS MAY, ONE YEAR AGO-- AT DAWN...




A STREET CLEANER SAW THE SEDAN GO BY AND SHOOT UP THE WINDOW, BUT HE HASTILY LOOKED THE OTHER WAY...

I SAW IT ALL--YET I ***DIDN'T!*** I'VE LIVED IN ***THIS*** TOWN LONG ENOUGH TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT! PEOPLE WHO KNOW THINGS--AN' TALK--DON'T LIVE LONG!

LATER THAT MORNING, BOB EVANS, EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE, VIEWED THE WRECKAGE WITH HIS CRACK REPORTER, BILL FRANKLIN...

I TOLD YOU THAT YOU CAN'T GO SNOOPING AROUND ON A STORY ABOUT VINCE LAFFERTY, BILL! AND ***THIS*** IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

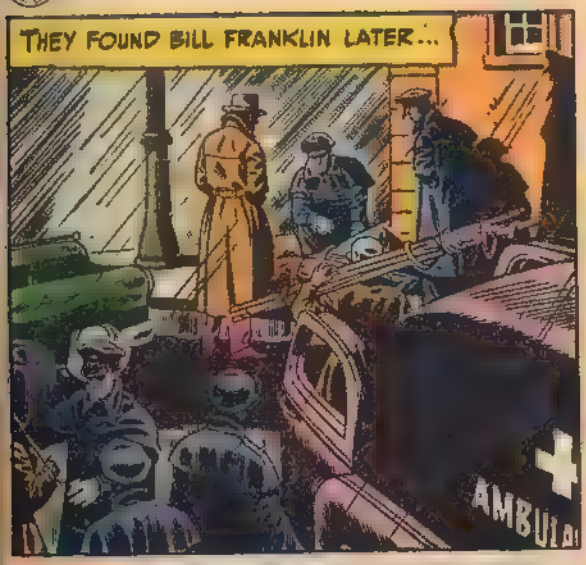
VINCE LAFFERTY-- THE GREAT BIG "RESPECTABLE" CITIZEN OF RIVERVIEW! BAH! HE'S A CHEAP ***RACKETEER*** WHO CONTROLS THIS TOWN! YOU CAN'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT LAFFERTY'S O.K.-- THEN HE GETS A PERCENTAGE... ***OR ELSE!***

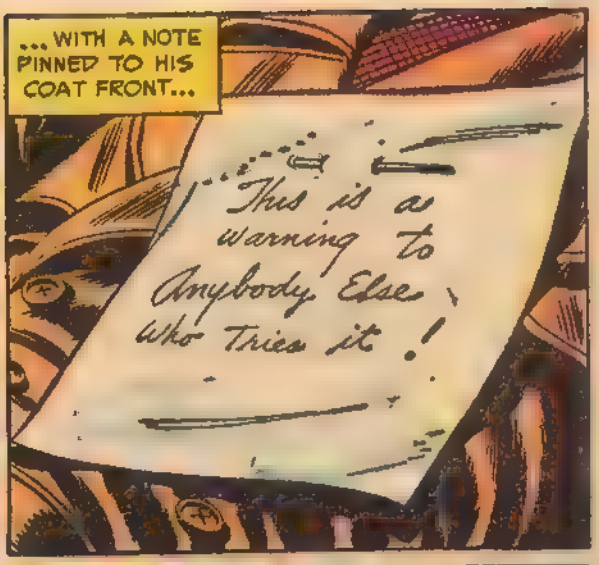
SURE, LAFFERTY IS A CROOK! AND ***WE*** KNOW IT--BUT OTHER PEOPLE DON'T! AND IF WE TRY TO PRINT IT-- THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS...BULLETS THROUGH OUR WINDOW AT DAWN!

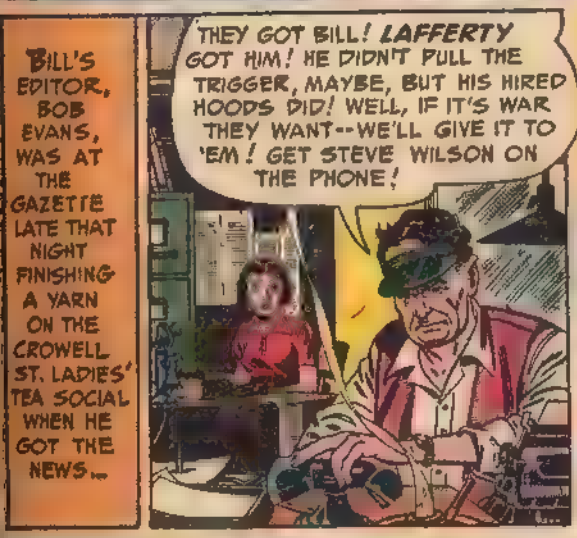
NO TELLING ***WHAT*** LAFFERTY WILL DO NEXT, BILL! I ORDER YOU TO STAY OFF OF ANY STORY ABOUT HIM! YOU'LL GET HURT!

I'M GOING AHEAD WITH IT, BOSS! I'LL DIG UP ALL THE DIRT ON LAFFERTY! THEN, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO PRINT IT-- IT'S UP TO YOU!

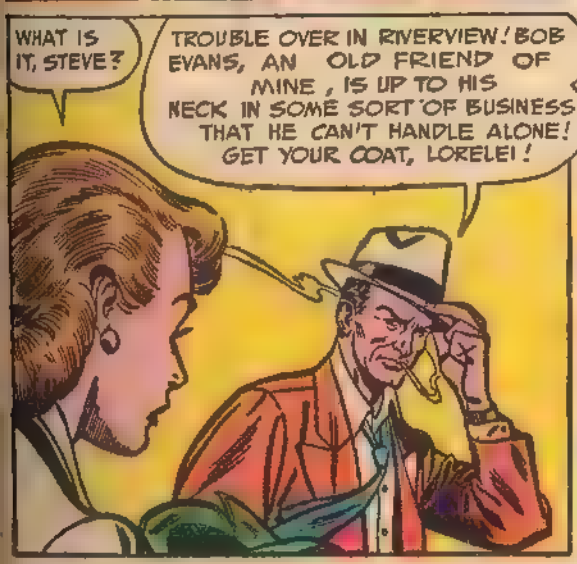
THAT RAINY MAY NIGHT, REPORTER BILL FRANKLIN WALKED ALONG RIVERVIEW'S EMPTY STREETS. SUDDENLY, FROM A DARKENED DOORWAY, A GUN ROARED...

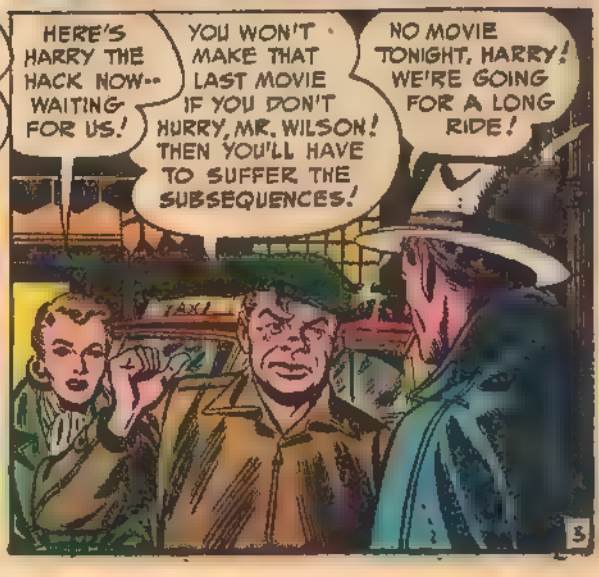

THEY FOUND BILL FRANKLIN LATER...
AMBUL


...WITH A NOTE PINNED TO HIS COAT FRONT...
This is a warning to Anybody Else who Tries it!


BILL'S EDITOR, BOB EVANS, WAS AT THE GAZETTE LATE THAT NIGHT FINISHING A YARN ON THE CROWELL ST. LADIES' TEA SOCIAL WHEN HE GOT THE NEWS...
THEY GOT BILL! LAFFERTY GOT HIM! HE DIDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER, MAYBE, BUT HIS HIRED HOODS DID! WELL, IF IT'S WAR THEY WANT--WE'LL GIVE IT TO 'EM! GET STEVE WILSON ON THE PHONE!

IN THE NIGHT CITY ROOM OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
YEAH--THIS IS STEVE WILSON! WHO? BOB EVANS? HELLO, BOB! WAIT A MINUTE ... WHAT? SURE--I'LL HOP OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!


WHAT IS IT, STEVE?
TROUBLE OVER IN RIVERVIEW! BOB EVANS, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, IS UP TO HIS NECK IN SOME SORT OF BUSINESS THAT HE CAN'T HANDLE ALONE! GET YOUR COAT, LORELEI!


HERE'S HARRY THE HACK NOW--WAITING FOR US!
YOU WON'T MAKE THAT LAST MOVIE IF YOU DON'T HURRY, MR. WILSON! THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO SUFFER THE SUBSEQUENCES!
NO MOVIE TONIGHT, HARRY! WE'RE GOING FOR A LONG RIDE!
TAXI
3

SOME TWO HOURS LATER, THEY WERE IN RIVERVIEW, SEATED IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE GAZETTE, WHILE BOB EVANS TOLD AN AMAZING STORY OF A MAN WHO THROTTLED A TOWN...

I COULDN'T TALK OVER THE PHONE, STEVE! EVERYTHING-- EVEN THE PHONE SYSTEM, IS CONTROLLED BY LAFFERTY! IF HE KNEW WHY I GOT YOU OVER HERE, HE'D KILL BOTH OF US!

WHAT ABOUT THE POLICE... AND THE TOWNSFOLK? WON'T THEY DO ANYTHING?

"A LOT OF COPS HAVE TRIED TO STAND UP TO LAFFERTY--AND WERE PROMPTLY FIRED, AND HE FIXED IT SO THEY COULDN'T FIND WORK ELSEWHERE! AS FOR THE CITIZENS, THEY DON'T KNOW LAFFERTY'S BEHIND IT ALL..."

GOOD DAY, LADIES!

OH! GOOD DAY, MR. LAFFERTY!

"THOUGH ON THE SURFACE HE APPEARS TO BE A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN, BEHIND THE SCENES HE IS A RUTHLESS GANG CZAR, DIRECTING CROOKED OPERATIONS.."

THAT NEW CLOTHING STORE WHICH OPENED UP REFUSED TO SELL ME A HALF INTEREST! TAKE CARE OF IT!

AS USUAL, THERE IS TO BE NO CONNECTION WITH ME! UH-- LEAVE THE WAY YOU CAME IN, BOYS-- THROUGH THE SECRET EXIT!

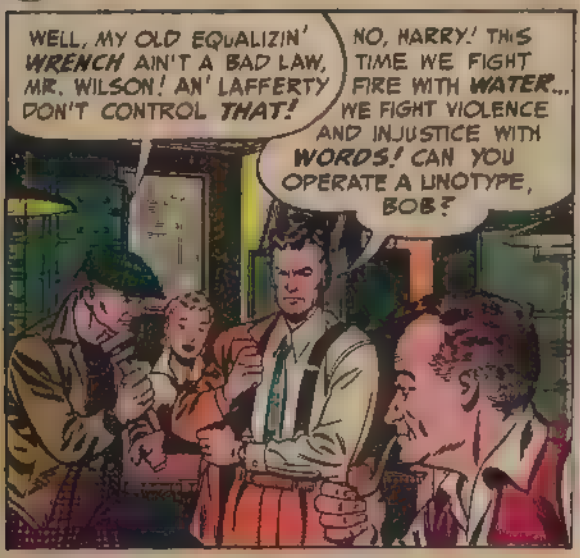
WE'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING, MR. LAFFERTY! DON'T WORRY!

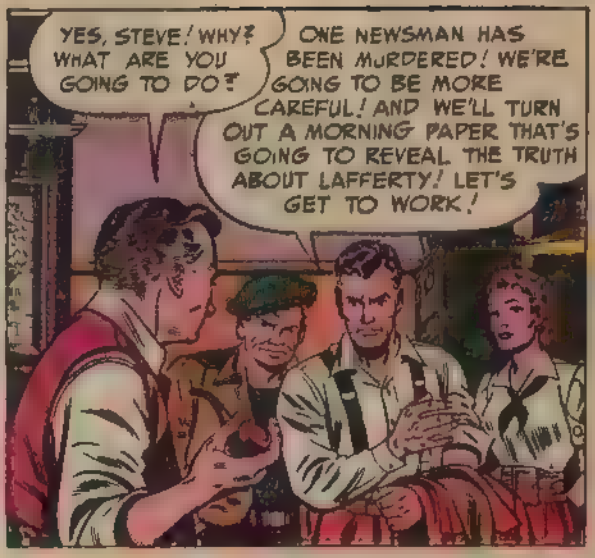
"THAT NEXT WEDNESDAY, THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ON BANK STREET...

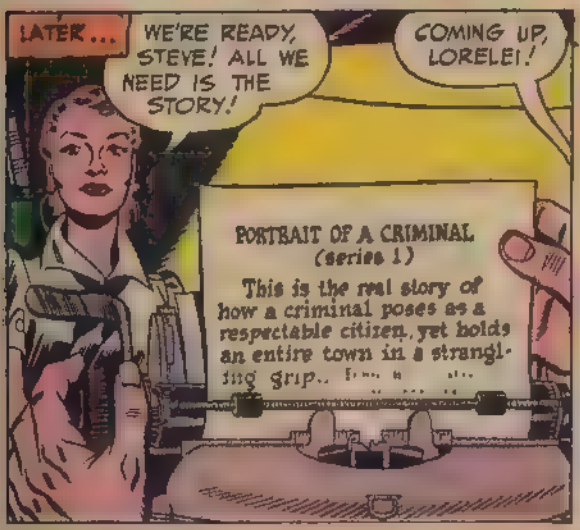
BR'R'RAM!

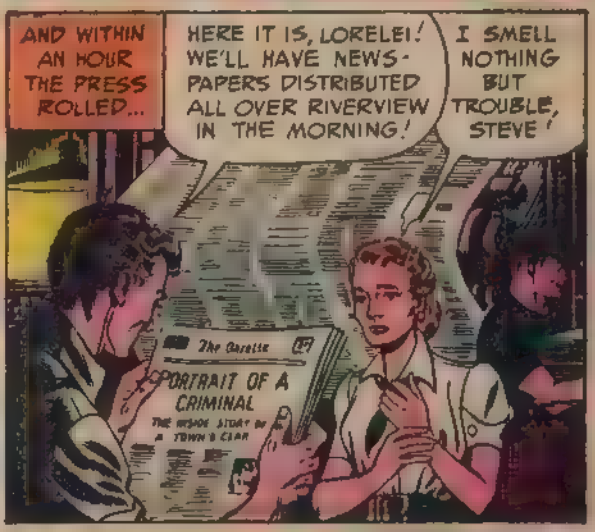
THEY BLAMED IT ON A GAS MAIN! NOBODY ASKED QUESTIONS--BECAUSE NOBODY WANTED TO! THAT'S HOW LAFFERTY WORKS, STEVE! YOU CUT HIM IN ON HALF AND DO AS HE SAYS...OR HE BLASTS YOU RIGHT OUT OF RIVERVIEW!

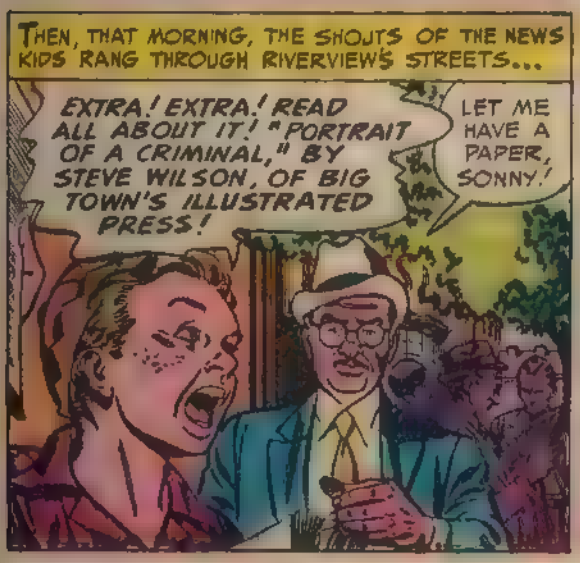
AND HE EVEN CONTROLS THE LOCAL LAW, EH?

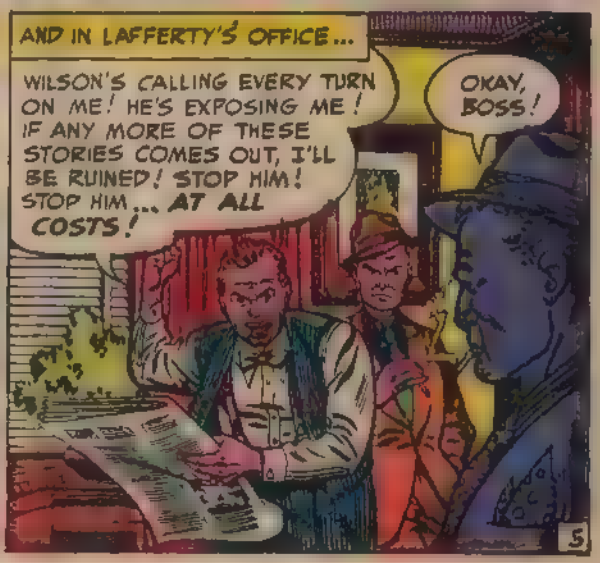

WELL, MY OLD EQUALIZIN' WRENCH AIN'T A BAD LAW, MR. WILSON! AN' LAFFERTY DON'T CONTROL THAT!
NO, HARRY! THIS TIME WE FIGHT FIRE WITH WATER... WE FIGHT VIOLENCE AND INJUSTICE WITH WORDS! CAN YOU OPERATE A LINOTYPE, BOB?

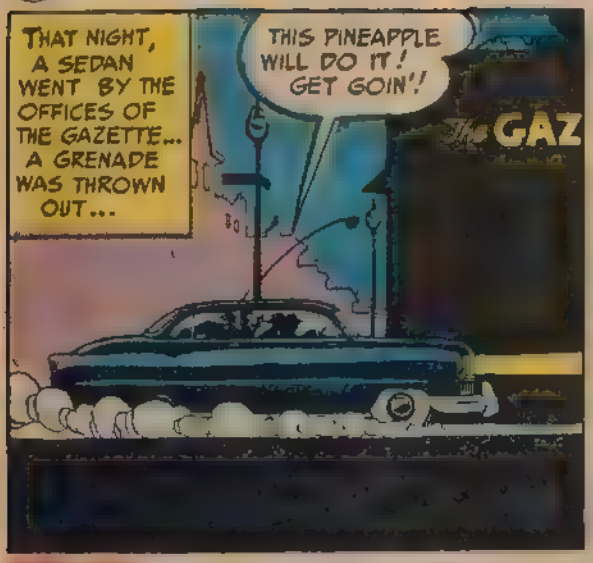

YES, STEVE! WHY? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
ONE NEWSMAN HAS BEEN MURDERED! WE'RE GOING TO BE MORE CAREFUL! AND WE'LL TURN OUT A MORNING PAPER THAT'S GOING TO REVEAL THE TRUTH ABOUT LAFFERTY! LET'S GET TO WORK!

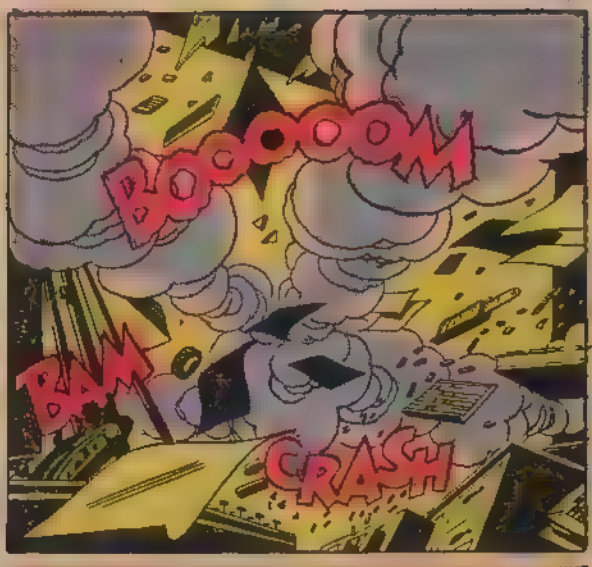

LATER...
WE'RE READY, STEVE! ALL WE NEED IS THE STORY!
COMING UP, LORELEI!
PORTRAIT OF A CRIMINAL (series 1)
This is the real story of how a criminal poses as a respectable citizen, yet holds an entire town in a strangling grip...

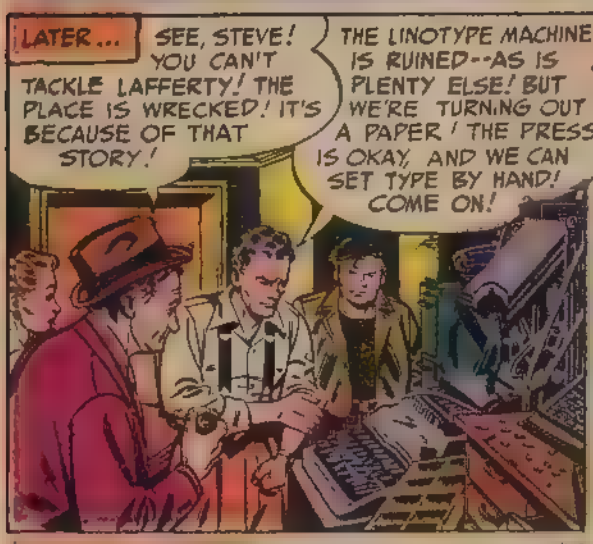

AND WITHIN AN HOUR THE PRESS ROLLED...
HERE IT IS, LORELEI! WE'LL HAVE NEWSPAPERS DISTRIBUTED ALL OVER RIVERVIEW IN THE MORNING!
I SMELL NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, STEVE!
The Chronicle
PORTRAIT OF A CRIMINAL

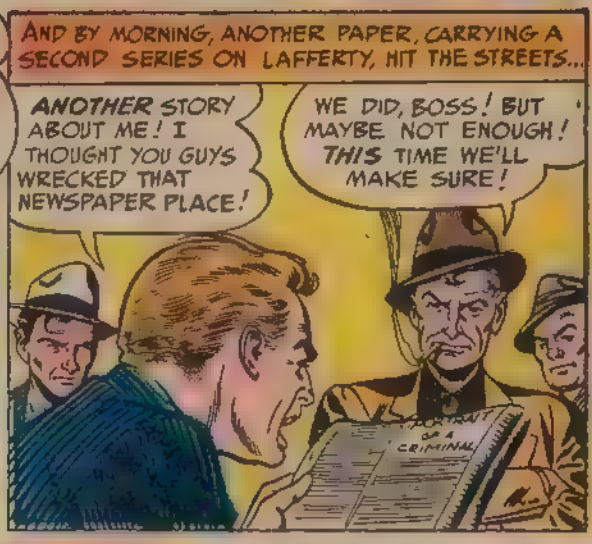

THEN, THAT MORNING, THE SHOUTS OF THE NEWS KIDS RANG THROUGH RIVERVIEW'S STREETS...
EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! "PORTRAIT OF A CRIMINAL," BY STEVE WILSON, OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS!
LET ME HAVE A PAPER, SONNY!

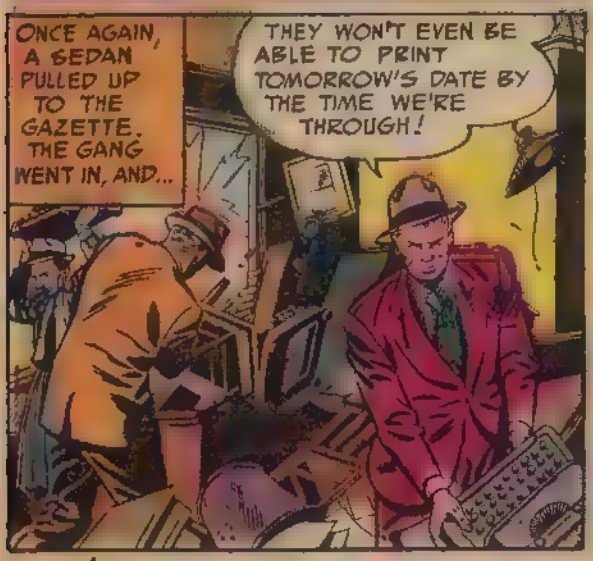

AND IN LAFFERTY'S OFFICE...
WILSON'S CALLING EVERY TURN ON ME! HE'S EXPOSING ME! IF ANY MORE OF THESE STORIES COMES OUT, I'LL BE RUINED! STOP HIM! STOP HIM... AT ALL COSTS!
OKAY, BOSS!

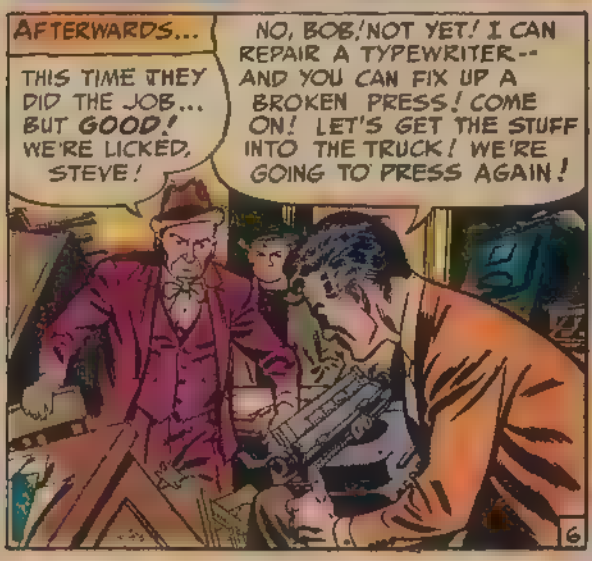

THAT NIGHT, A SEDAN WENT BY THE OFFICES OF THE GAZETTE.. A GRENADE WAS THROWN OUT...
THIS PINEAPPLE WILL DO IT! GET GOIN'!
The GAZ

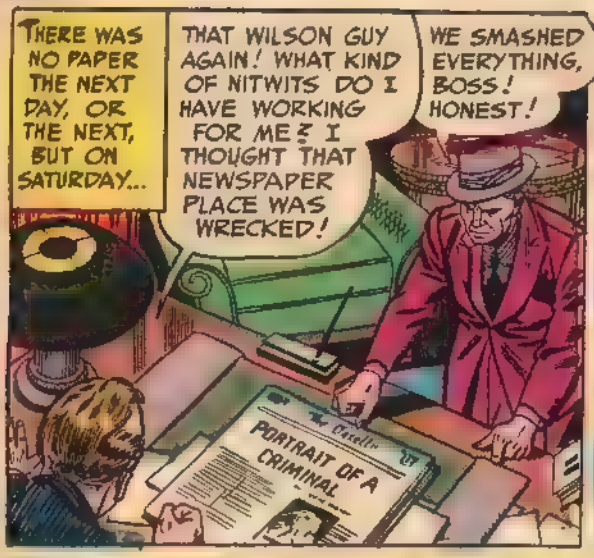

BOOOOOOM
BAM
CRASH

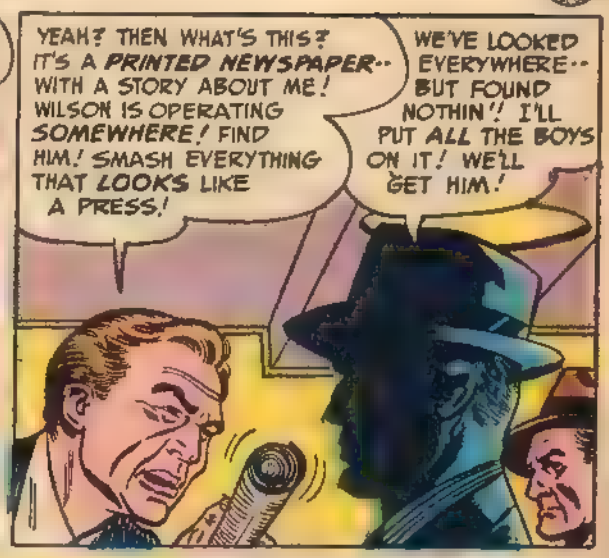

LATER...
SEE, STEVE! YOU CAN'T TACKLE LAFFERTY! THE PLACE IS WRECKED! IT'S BECAUSE OF THAT STORY!
THE LINOTYPE MACHINE IS RUINED--AS IS PLENTY ELSE! BUT WE'RE TURNING OUT A PAPER! THE PRESS IS OKAY, AND WE CAN SET TYPE BY HAND! COME ON!

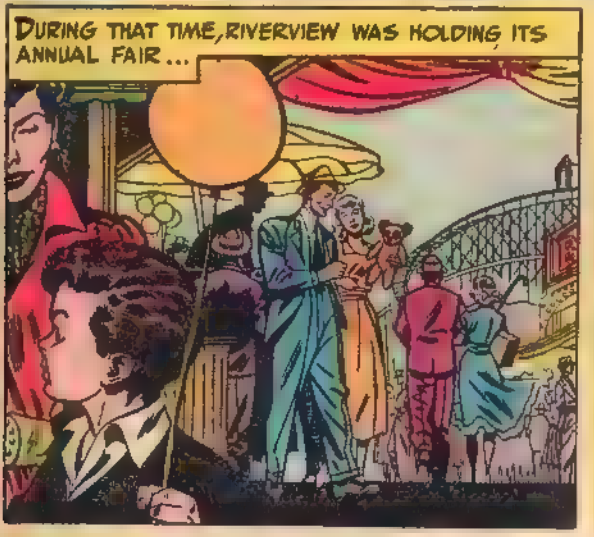

AND BY MORNING, ANOTHER PAPER, CARRYING A SECOND SERIES ON LAFFERTY, HIT THE STREETS...
ANOTHER STORY ABOUT ME! I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WRECKED THAT NEWSPAPER PLACE!
WE DID, BOSS! BUT MAYBE NOT ENOUGH! THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE!
PORTRAIT OF A CRIMINAL

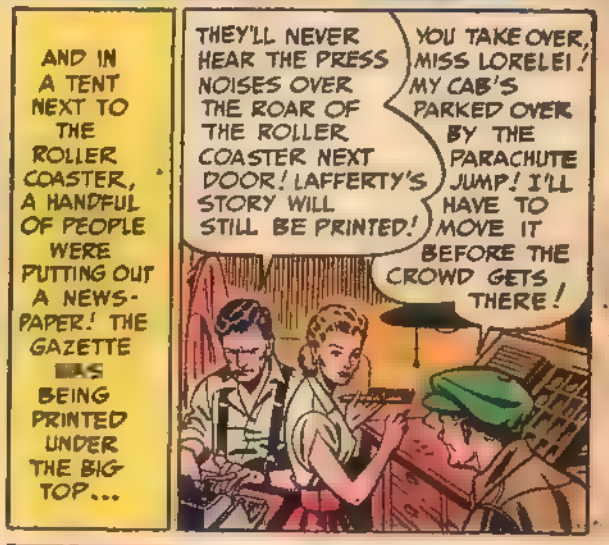

ONCE AGAIN, A SEDAN PULLED UP TO THE GAZETTE. THE GANG WENT IN, AND..
THEY WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO PRINT TOMORROW'S DATE BY THE TIME WE'RE THROUGH!

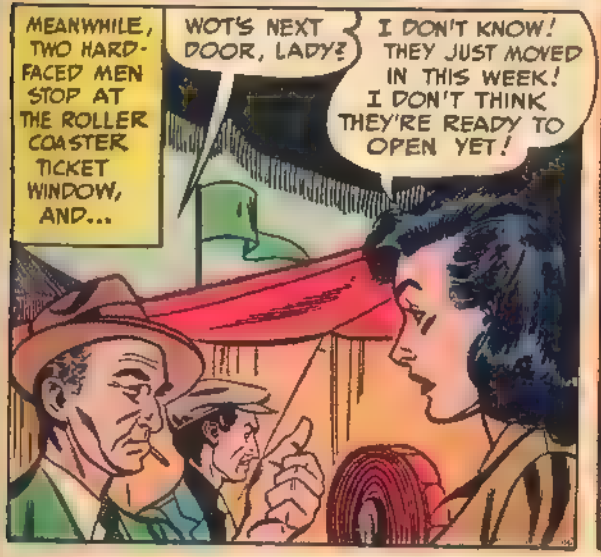

AFTERWARDS...
THIS TIME THEY DID THE JOB... BUT GOOD! WE'RE LICKED, STEVE!
NO, BOB! NOT YET! I CAN REPAIR A TYPEWRITER-- AND YOU CAN FIX UP A BROKEN PRESS! COME ON! LET'S GET THE STUFF INTO THE TRUCK! WE'RE GOING TO PRESS AGAIN!

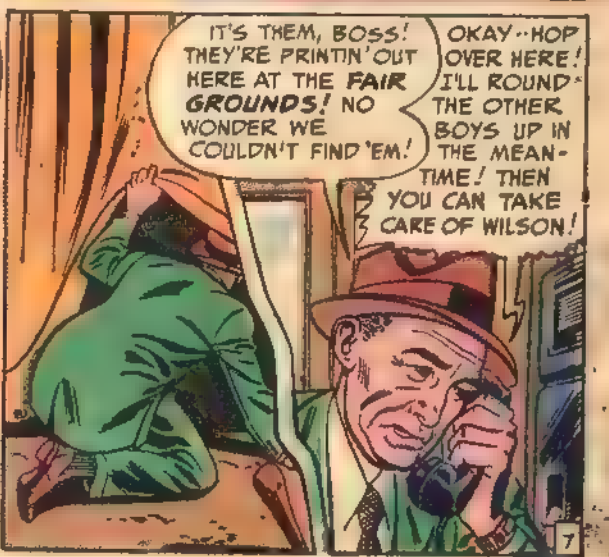

THERE WAS NO PAPER THE NEXT DAY, OR THE NEXT, BUT ON SATURDAY...
THAT WILSON GUY AGAIN! WHAT KIND OF NITWITS DO I HAVE WORKING FOR ME? I THOUGHT THAT NEWSPAPER PLACE WAS WRECKED!
WE SMASHED EVERYTHING, BOSS! HONEST!
PORTRAIT OF A CRIMINAL


YEAH? THEN WHAT'S THIS? IT'S A PRINTED NEWSPAPER-- WITH A STORY ABOUT ME! WILSON IS OPERATING SOMEWHERE! FIND HIM! SMASH EVERYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A PRESS!
WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE-- BUT FOUND NOTHIN'! I'LL PUT ALL THE BOYS ON IT! WE'LL GET HIM!

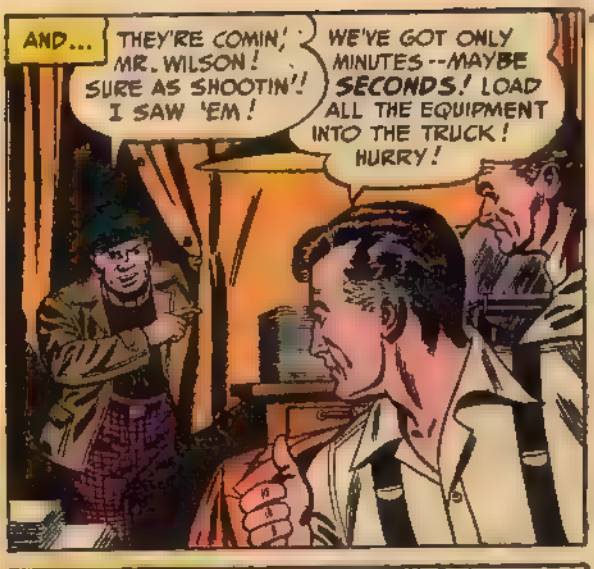

DURING THAT TIME, RIVERVIEW WAS HOLDING ITS ANNUAL FAIR...


AND IN A TENT NEXT TO THE ROLLER COASTER, A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE WERE PUTTING OUT A NEWSPAPER! THE GAZETTE WAS BEING PRINTED UNDER THE BIG TOP...
THEY'LL NEVER HEAR THE PRESS NOISES OVER THE ROAR OF THE ROLLER COASTER NEXT DOOR! LAFFERTY'S STORY WILL STILL BE PRINTED!
YOU TAKE OVER, MISS LORELEI! MY CAB'S PARKED OVER BY THE PARACHUTE JUMP! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE IT BEFORE THE CROWD GETS THERE!

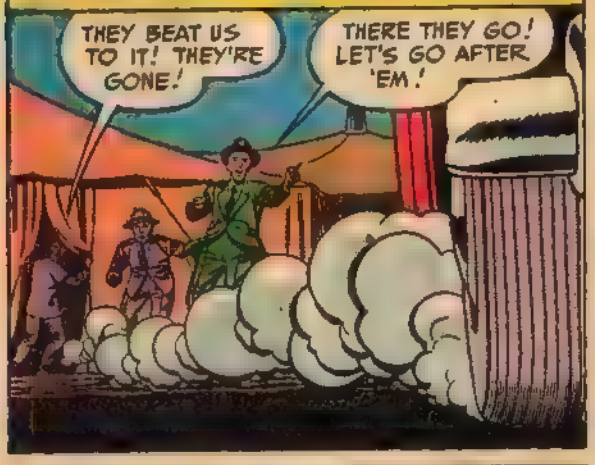

MEANWHILE, TWO HARD-FACED MEN STOP AT THE ROLLER COASTER TICKET WINDOW, AND...
WOT'S NEXT DOOR, LADY?
I DON'T KNOW! THEY JUST MOVED IN THIS WEEK! I DON'T THINK THEY'RE READY TO OPEN YET!


IT'S THEM, BOSS! THEY'RE PRINTIN' OUT HERE AT THE FAIR GROUNDS! NO WONDER WE COULDN'T FIND 'EM!
OKAY--HOP OVER HERE! I'LL ROUND THE OTHER BOYS UP IN THE MEANTIME! THEN YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF WILSON!

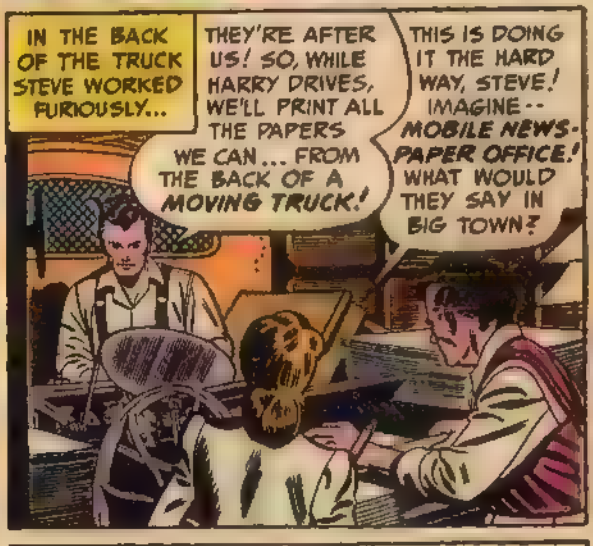
It was later, when Harry the hack moved his cab from the parachute jump that he saw a sedan pull into a parking lot...


AND...
THEY'RE COMIN', MR. WILSON! SURE AS SHOOTIN'! I SAW 'EM!
WE'VE GOT ONLY MINUTES -- MAYBE SECONDS! LOAD ALL THE EQUIPMENT INTO THE TRUCK! HURRY!

Not a moment too soon did they get the equipment aboard the Gazette truck, when...




In the back of the truck Steve worked furiously...


THEY'RE AFTER US! SO, WHILE HARRY DRIVES, WE'LL PRINT ALL THE PAPERS WE CAN... FROM THE BACK OF A MOVING TRUCK!
THIS IS DOING IT THE HARD WAY, STEVE! IMAGINE -- MOBILE NEWS-PAPER OFFICE! WHAT WOULD THEY SAY IN BIG TOWN?

Harry the hack, long accustomed to arduous driving through the seething streets of Big Town, led his pursuers a merry chase over a twisting highway...

THEY'RE BOUND TO CATCH US SOON! BUT I'VE GOT A PLAN! TIE UP THE PAPERS IN BUNDLES -- AND WHEN I YELL, TOSS THEM TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!
A BRAND-NEW CIRCULATION IDEA, EH, BOSS MAN?

THEY ROUNDED A BEND, AND THE FIGHTING EDITOR SHOUTED A COMMAND TO HARRY... THE TRUCK SLOWED DOWN MOMENTARILY, AND...

ALL RIGHT--GET 'EM ALL OUT! NEXT, YOU AND BOB GET OUT, LORELEI--WHILE HARRY AND I TAKE CARE OF THE TRUCK!

The GAZ... RIVERVIEW... CIRCULA... EEEE

I'VE MADE A PHONE CALL TO CERTAIN PEOPLE! NOW, LORELEI-- WHEN OUR FIRST COPIES COME OFF, I WANT YOU TO WRAP THEM FOR MAILING! THEN GET THE LOCAL MAILMAN UP HERE..
BUT HE'S ONE OF LAFFERTY'S MEN, TOO!
HERE'S MY WIFE WITH HOT COFFEE AND SANDWICHES!
I KNOW! LAFFERTY HAD THE REGULAR MAILMAN FIRED--AND PUT ONE OF HIS STOOGES IN HIS PLACE! JUST THE SAME, WE'VE GOT TO STOP LAFFERTY, SOME WAY! AND I THINK MY IDEA'S GOING TO WORK!
FOR FIVE HOURS, THEY WORKED IN THE COBWEBBED CELLAR, AMONG THE SOUNDS OF THE CLACKING MIMEO-GRAPH MACHINE...
THERE'S THE DOORBELL NOW! I'VE GOT THOSE COPIES WRAPPED UP, AND THE MAILMAN IS READY TO SEND THEM OFF!
GOOD! I'LL SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR!
YOU WERE A FOOL, WILSON! THE MAILMAN WAS ONE OF MY BOYS! HE TIPPED ME OFF, AND I CAME DOWN IN PERSON THIS TIME TO HANDLE THINGS! DESTROY EVERY COPY, BOYS!
SURE, BOSS! THESE MAIL PACKAGES GO FIRST!
BUT THERE WERE OTHER VOICES FROM THE DOORWAY, AND LAFFERTY AND HIS MEN TURNED, FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS...
FEDERAL MEN, LAFFERTY! YOUR BOYS HAD BETTER NOT TRY ANYTHING! WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, STEVE!
WHAT IS THIS?
MR. WILSON PHONED US AND SAID SOME-ONE WOULD BE TAMPERING WITH THE U.S. MAIL... WHICH IS ONE WAY OF GETTING G-MEN AFTER YOU!
SURE, LAFFERTY! YOUR OWN LOCAL COPS WERE HELPLESS AGAINST YOU, SO I ARRANGED TO HAVE THE G-MEN ARREST YOU UNTIL PROPER CHARGES CAN BE PREFERRED AGAINST YOU! AND THAT WILL HAPPEN, AFTER I GET OUT MY NEWS-PAPERS! IN MIMEOGRAPH COPY!
DAN BARRY
THE END
IC

Captain Tootsie at the SNOW CARNIVAL
By BILL SCHREIBER
CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND HIS PALS ARE ATTENDING THE ANNUAL SNOW CARNIVAL AT VARTMOUTH COLLEGE WHERE THE SNOW SCULPTURE CONTEST IS IN PROGRESS
GEE, LOOK AT THOSE STATUES THESE FELLOWS REALLY KNOW THEIR STUFF!
THAT FELLOW OVER THERE IS CHEATING- HE'S PACKING SNOW ON TOP OF THAT BRONZE STATUE!
THAT'S DISHONEST!
LISTEN ROLLO, I HAVE AN IDEA! HERE IS WHAT YOU DO, BZZZZ- BZZZ - BZZZZZ BZZZ.
OK! WILL HE BE SURPRISED!
A SHORT TIME LATER, PROFESSOR RICH COMES AROUND TO JUDGE THE WORK OF THE CONTESTANTS
MY, WHAT A PERFECT LIKENESS TO THE FAMOUS VENUS D'MILO! VERY, VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN!
NOTHING TO IT, PROFESSOR!
SAY THERE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT BURNING TWIG? WHY, I'LL BE..
YIPE! THE SNOW IS MELTING!
TEE-HEE HEE-HEE!
REPORT TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE- RIGHT AFTER THIS EVENT! SHAME ON YOU FOR BEING DISHONEST WITH YOUR FELLOW PUPILS!
MIGHTY FINE THING FOR YOU TO SEE THAT FAIR PLAY IS DONE- THAT'S GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP- THANK YOU CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
WE ALL LIKE TO SEE FAIR PLAY PREVAIL, PROFESSOR! HERE ARE DELICIOUS TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR YOU AND YOUR STUDENTS, THEY'RE GOOD FOR QUICK ENERGY... AND THEY'LL KEEP YOU WARM!
SIX, SIXTEEN OR OLDER... EVERYONE WHO'S TRIED THE CHOCOLATY, CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL LIKES IT. WHAT A CANDY TREAT! ONLY 5 CENTS!
Tootsie 5 Roll
SCORED INTO 7 GENEROUS SECTIONS - INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED!

# JERRY THE JITTERBUG

HENRY BOLTINOFF

WHEW! WHAT A TOUGH EXAM THAT WAS!

AFTER STUDYING LAST NIGHT TILL TWELVE O'CLOCK, I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT A BOOK FOR A LONG TIME!

I'D LIKE TO GO OUT TONIGHT AND RELAX! THEY GOT SOME NEW DANCE RECORDS DOWN AT THE JUKE JOINT!

JEEPERS-THERE'S LOIS--I'LL DATE HER!

THAT NIGHT..

HELLO, LOIS-ALL SET FOR SOME FANCY STEPPING?

IMPOSSIBLE, JERRY! I'VE GOT AN EXAM TOMORROW, AND I THOUGHT YOU'D HELP ME STUDY!

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

LUCKY BLOCK

PLOP

As Neddy Nestlé hits the dirt,
He groans, then clutches at his shirt

"How glad I am I blocked that ball-
My Crunch Bar wasn't hurt at all!"

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...

NESTLE'S CRUNCH MILK CHOCOLATE

NESTLE'S CRUNCH

THE FAVORITE OF MILLIONS!

# Johnny Law

## HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

GUILTY! THAT'S THE ONLY VERDICT THAT SEEMS REASONABLY POSSIBLE WHEN A GUN-TOTING PAROLEE COMES THROUGH WITH AN ALIB. THAT'S AN INSULT TO A CHILD'S INTELLIGENCE. BUT WHEN A CHECK-UP REVEALS A CURIOUS SLIP, THINGS GET REALLY COMPLEX UNTIL **JOHNNY LAW** TAKES A DIP INTO A CLEVER CRIME WAVE AND COMES UP WITH A SALTY SOLUTION OF THE CASE OF...

## "THE DUBIOUS ALIBI!"

THOSE ARE THE STILLS, JOHNNY. YE CANNA DENY IT WAS A MASTERFUL JOB OF SAFE CRACKING.!

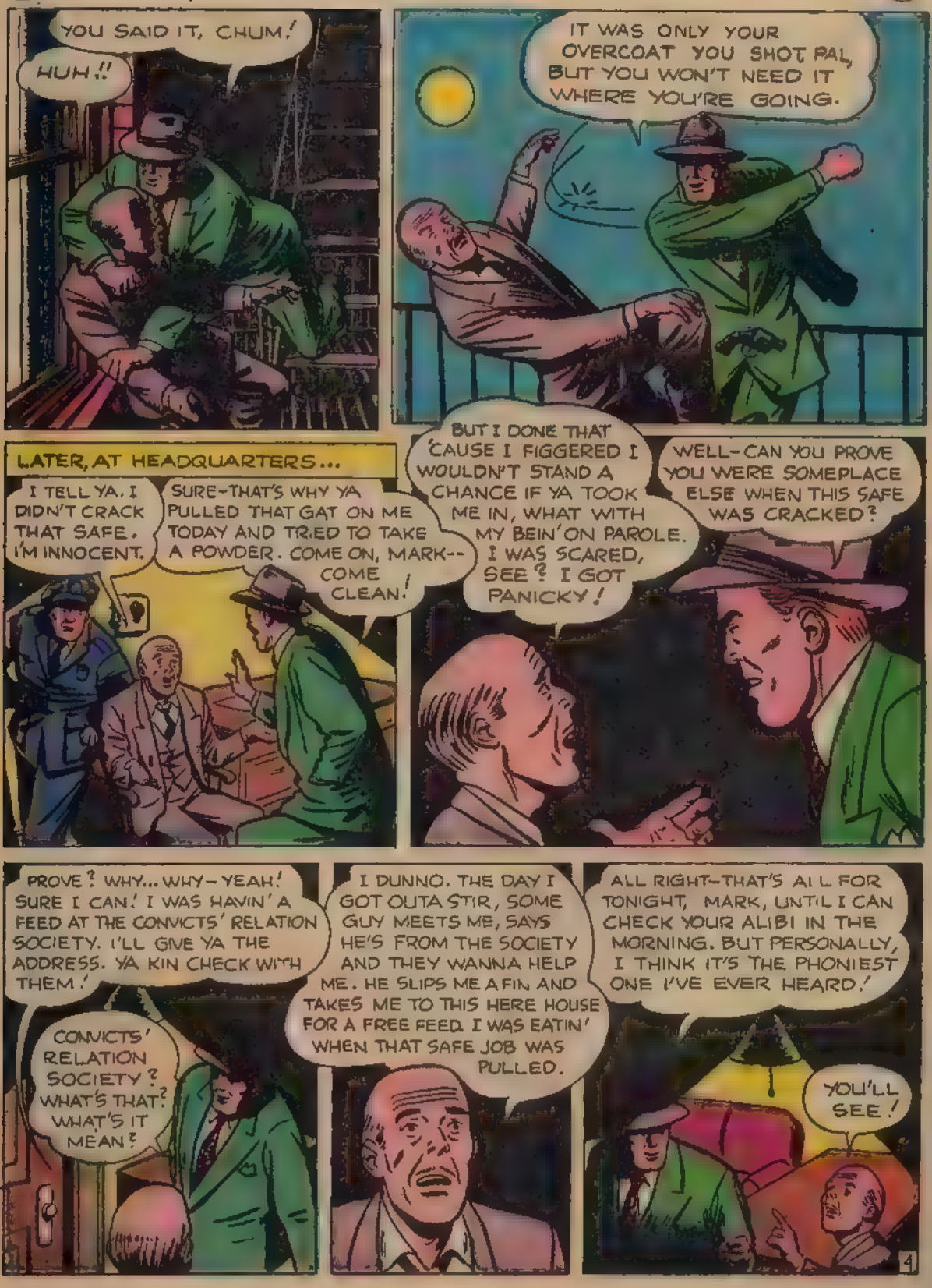
A "CAN JOB"-- TIPPED OVER AND BLOWN FROM THE BOTTOM.

BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID NO CLUES.

I DID. NO PRINTS, NO CLOTHING THREADS, NO HAIR -- NOT A THING TO WORK ON.

INSPECTOR—YOU'RE GETTING OLD. YOU NEED A VACATION. NOW IF THAT HAD BEEN A "PUNCH JOB"—THE COMBINATION KNOCKED OFF WITH A RUBBER MALLET—THEN MAYBE THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING TO GO ON, BUT--
DINNA YE GO LECTURIN' ME, YE YOUNG SCALAWAG, OR YE'LL BE POUNDIN' A BEAT AGAIN!
BUT, INSPECTOR—WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW SUCH A CLEAN "CAN JOB?" NOT IN TEN YEARS!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT—WHAT YE GETTIN' AT?
"CAN JOBS" AREN'T DONE ANYMORE. YOU KNOW THAT. THEY'RE OLD-FASHIONED! THEY'RE CORNY! THE GUY WHO PULLED THIS IS AN OLD MASTER. WHY'D HE COME OUT OF RETIREMENT?
THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS. HE WAS JUST RELEASED FROM "RETIREMENT." PUT ME ON THIS CASE, INSPECTOR, AND I'LL PULL YOUR SAFE-CRACKER RIGHT OUT OF YOUR ROGUES' GALLERY IN FIVE MINUTES!
GO AHEAD—I CAN'T ARGUE WITH YE!
AND FIVE MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S OUR BOY. FITS LIKE A GLOVE. CONVICTED AND SENT UP IN 1931... SPECIALIZED IN SAFE-CRACKING AND A MASTER OF THE "CAN" TECHNIQUE. PAROLED LAST WEEK. I'LL PICK HIM UP AND DROP HIM IN THE INSPECTOR'S LAP.
I HOPE HE'S STILL AT THE ADDRESS I GOT FROM THE PAROLE BOARD. WITH WHAT I'VE GOT ON HIM, HE'LL OPEN UP LIKE A TIN OF SARDINES ONCE WE GET HIM UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT...
OPEN UP, MARK--IT'S THE LAW!
THE LAW?!

ALL RIGHT, COPPER – TOSS YOUR ROD THIS WAY AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF.
UH-UH – THIS GUY MEANS BUSINESS.
AND DON'T TRY FOLLOWING ME DOWN, OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT.
I'M NOT CRAZY, MARK.
HE'S GONE! NOW'S MY CHANCE!
HUH! HE'S GOT MORE HEART THAN BRAINS!
NOW HE'S GOT NEITHER – THE SAP! I WARNED HIM!
I HAD TO DO IT – BUT WHAT A MESS. KILLIN' A COPPER AIN'T NO BED O' ROSES!
3


YOU SAID IT, CHUM!
HUH!!
IT WAS ONLY YOUR OVERCOAT YOU SHOT PAL, BUT YOU WON'T NEED IT WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...
I TELL YA, I DIDN'T CRACK THAT SAFE. I'M INNOCENT.
SURE-THAT'S WHY YA PULLED THAT GAT ON ME TODAY AND TRIED TO TAKE A POWDER. COME ON, MARK-- COME CLEAN!
BUT I DONE THAT 'CAUSE I FIGGERED I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IF YA TOOK ME IN, WHAT WITH MY BEIN' ON PAROLE. I WAS SCARED, SEE? I GOT PANICKY!
WELL-CAN YOU PROVE YOU WERE SOMEPLACE ELSE WHEN THIS SAFE WAS CRACKED?
PROVE? WHY... WHY-YEAH! SURE I CAN! I WAS HAVIN' A FEED AT THE CONVICTS' RELATION SOCIETY. I'LL GIVE YA THE ADDRESS. YA KIN CHECK WITH THEM!
CONVICTS' RELATION SOCIETY? WHAT'S THAT? WHAT'S IT MEAN?
I DUNNO. THE DAY I GOT OUTA STIR, SOME GUY MEETS ME, SAYS HE'S FROM THE SOCIETY AND THEY WANNA HELP ME. HE SLIPS ME A FIN AND TAKES ME TO THIS HERE HOUSE FOR A FREE FEED. I WAS EATIN' WHEN THAT SAFE JOB WAS PULLED.
ALL RIGHT-THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT, MARK, UNTIL I CAN CHECK YOUR ALIBI IN THE MORNING. BUT PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S THE PHONIEST ONE I'VE EVER HEARD!
YOU'LL SEE!
4

NEXT DAY-- A HOUSE JUST OUTSIDE TOWN...
--AND AFTER YOU TALK TO THE COPS, YOUR JOB IS FINISHED. COME TO THE SEMINOLE AND YOU'LL GET PAID OFF.
OKAY, LOWLEGS. I'LL BE SEEIN' YOU.
LATER...
SO YOU'RE JUST THE CARETAKER, EH? NO ONE ELSE LIVES HERE? AND THERE'S NO CONVICTS' RELATION SOCIETY HERE?
NOPE--NEVER HEARD OF NO CONVICTS' REHABILITATION SOCIETY. YOU GOT THE WRONG PLACE, MISTER.
FUNNY--HE SAID REHABILITATION SOCIETY. WAS HE MERELY REPEATING WHAT HE THOUGHT I SAID, OR WAS IT WHAT HE EXPECTED ME TO SAY? IT MAKES MORE SENSE THAN RELATION SOCIETY. HMM...
AN IGNORANT GUY LIKE MARK COULD HAVE GOTTEN THE NAME WRONG AND THOUGHT IT WAS RELATION SOCIETY. I'M GOING TO CHECK UP ON THAT CARETAKER JUST TO MAKE SURE.
HERE HE COMES NOW--AND MY HUNCH SAYS IT'S MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE THAT HE'S LEAVING SO SOON AFTER MY QUESTIONING HIM!
SHORTLY AFTER...
HE'S HEADED FOR THAT DOCK. NOW WHAT WOULD THE CARETAKER OF A SEEDY PLACE BE DOING OUT HERE?
5

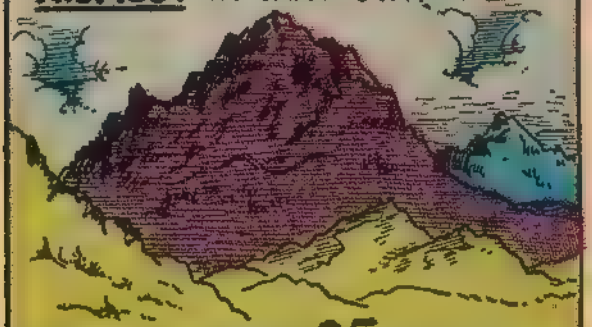
MM--LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO HAVE TO RUIN A PERFECTLY GOOD SUIT IF I WANT TO FIND OUT WHY HE'S ROWING TO THAT LAUNCH.
GOOD-BYE SUIT, BUT I'LL PUT IT ON MY EXPENSE ACCOUNT!
UH-UH-- THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE CARE-TAKER'S VOICE.
--AND I TOLD THE COPPER LIKE YOU SAID, LOWLEGS. SO MARK AIN'T GOT NO ALIBI AND YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR.
I TOOK A BIG RISK PULLIN' THAT "CAN JOB," LOWLEGS. YA OUGHTTA GIMME A BONUS.
THAT'S THE PRICE WE AGREED ON, ISN'T IT? SO BURY THE BEEF!
I GOTTA LEAVE NOW. SIGHING SID IS GETTING OUTA THE JUG THIS AFTERNOON AN' I WANNA MEET HIM AN' KEEP HIM OCCUPIED WHILE ONE O' MY BOYS PULLS ANOTHER JOB USING SID'S TECHNIQUE. SO—
SO THAT'S THE SET-UP!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GRAB THE WHOLE GANG OF RATS WHILE THEY'RE ALL TOGETHER IN THAT CABIN.
REACH, GENTS! THIS IS THE REAL PAYOFF!
IT'S HIM! IT'S THE COPPER!

ALL RIGHT, COPPER, I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED.
A SMART LAD, AREN'T I -- OOF!
DOC -- IF YOU HADN'T GOT HERE WHEN YOU DID, WE'D BE ALL WASHED UP. BUT THERE'S NO TIME FOR GRATULATIONS, WE GOT WORK TO DO.
THINK NOTHIN' OF IT, LOWLEGS.
SO YOU DOPED OUT OUR SET-UP, COPPER! TSK-TSK!
SURE - YOU FIGURED THAT IF THE COPS REALLY PRESSED THAT SAFE CASE, THEY'D PICK UP MARK. BUT WHEN HE TOLD ABOUT YOUR SOCIETY, YOU MADE HIM LOOK COMPLETELY PHONEY BY HAVING HIS WHOLE STORY, WHICH WAS TRUE, DENIED!
WITH MARK TAKING THE RAP, YOU DON'T HAVE A THING TO WORRY ABOUT. AND NOW YOU'RE PLANNING SIMILAR JOBS. BUT EVEN IF YOU KILL ME, YOU WON'T EVADE THE LAW LONG.
TELL IT TO THE FISHES, COPPER. HEAVE, GENTS.
GUESS I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PUT THAT SUIT ON THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT NOW. UNLESS... UNLESS --
THIS SHELL ISN'T TOO SHARP, BUT I CAN DO IT IF (GASP) MY WIND -- HOLDS OUT... INSPECTOR ... ALWAYS SAID I WAS -- (CHOKE) -- LONG-WINDED...
7

(COUGH)--(CHOKE)-- GUESS.. MORRISON WAS... WAS RIGHT...
CHATTERING CAT-FISH-- LOOK!
FANCY YOUR MEETING ME HERE!
BACK TO THE FISHES, COP--UGH!
HE'S TIPP.N' THE BOAT. I CAN'T SWIM!
P-PLUG HIM, YOU FOOL!
I C-CAN'T!! I N-NEED BOTH HANDS TO KEE-P-P FROM FALLING OUT!
THANKS FOR THE ROD, DOC. I CAN USE IT.
THAT'S RIGHT. BEHAVE YOURSELF, BOYS, AND YOU'LL ALL LAND UP NICE AND SAFE IN JAIL. BOY-WONDER WHAT THE INSPECTOR'LL SAY WHEN HE HEARS HOW I MADE THIS HAUL.
LATER, IN THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE...
SHALL I SAY YOU'RE A SEVEN DAYS WONDER? PIN A MEDAL ON YE, MAYBE? EXCEPT FOR CARELESSNESS, YE'D CAUGHT THEM ALL RIGHT IN THE CABIN!
MORRISON, YOU'RE A KILL-JOY!
BUT IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TALK ME OUT OF PUTTING THAT SUIT ON THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT, YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH!
WE-EL, NO HARM IN TRYIN'!
THE END
8

# QUICK QUIZ

IS PIKE'S PEAK, COLORADO..... (14,110 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL) THE **HIGHEST** IN THAT STATE?



NO..... THERE ARE **25** PEAKS IN COLORADO.... *MUCH HIGHER!!*

HOW MUCH MILK IS REQUIRED TO MAKE **ONE** POUND OF BUTTER?

AT LEAST..... 10 QUARTS!

WHEN GLASS BREAKS, HOW **FAST** DO THE CRACKS MOVE?

AT THE RATE OF ABOUT 3000 MILES AN HOUR..... ALMOST A MILE A SECOND!

WHAT KING OF ENGLAND WAS UNABLE TO SPEAK ENGLISH?

KING GEORGE I, OF ENGLAND, WHO RULED FROM 1714 TO 1727, COULD NEITHER SPEAK NOR WRITE ENGLISH! A GERMAN PRINCE BY BIRTH, HE MADE NO ATTEMPT TO LEARN THE LANGUAGE OF HIS KINGDOM!

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# PANIC STALKS THE FOREST AT THE DREAD CRY OF "WARPATH!"

A RENEGADE INDIAN TREACHEROUSLY INFLAMES FRIENDLY REDMEN AGAINST FRONTIER SETTLERS —AND IT'S UP TO

**TOMAHAWK**

AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND, **DAN HUNTER** TO FIGHT THROUGH HORDES OF HOSTILE SAVAGES WITH THE ROYAL COLONEL'S BEAUTEOUS DAUGHTER AND THE TREATY THAT STAVES OFF THE THREAT OF **MASSACRE!**

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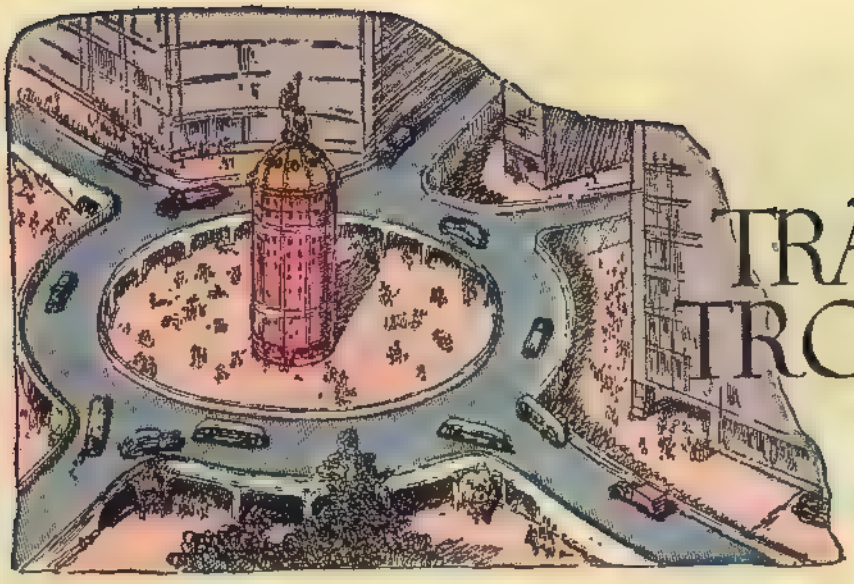


# TRAFFIC TROUBLES

A NOTED traffic engineer sounded this grim warning recently: "Tomorrow, the downtown districts may be studded with the remains of buildings as are the cities of Europe today."

The result of atom bombs? No, something less spectacular but perhaps just as damaging. He was referring to traffic congestion and what it leads to: "decentralization."

City officials are worried. Every day, more businesses are striking out for the suburbs. For instance, a year ago the drive-in theatre was considered a novelty. But today there are over 700 of these throughout the country and more are being built all the time. Branch stores, too, have been multiplying.

Home builders have headed for less congested pastures. They are building where kids can play safely and where there isn't the frequent screech of auto brakes to make a mother's blood run cold.

Does all this mean the city of today will be a ghost town tomorrow? Possibly, unless city officials act *now*. One-way streets, tricky traffic lights, parking meters, and the like are good as far as they go.

Traffic congestion is nothing new. Ten thousand years ago, the streets of Rome were so snarled with traffic that the emperor banned all except government chariots from the Forum area.

During the reign of Louis XV it was fashionable for the noble women to drive their own carriages through the streets of Paris. Accidents steadily mounted and congestion became almost intolerable. So Louis' ministers forbade all women under 30 years of age from driving. The result: all women ceased driving since none would admit she was over 30!

Years ago, the city was small. Industries were simple, business was leisurely and the tempo of the community was unhurried. Overnight all this changed. The auto brought with it new ideas. Buildings, cramped for space on the ground, began stretching skyward. Mills became mighty factories. Commerce was now geared to horsepower, not the horse. Whirling dynamos played the tune, and the American people got into step.

The streets of the big city and the streets of the little town remained the same. As more and more cars were pumped into downtown areas, slowly the arteries began to harden. Today, the average vehicle speed in congested

streets is three miles an hour—seven miles an hour SLOWER than the horse!

Many Americans accept the ever-increasing trek to the suburbs as a matter of course. But traffic engineers and city officials, do not treat it so lightly. Charles M. Noble, N. J. highway engineer, feels that if this exodus isn't curbed, "stagnation, decay and finally bankruptcy" will result.

Guy Hecker, Executive Manager of the American Transit Association, said traffic congestion still continues to cripple the lifestream of the cities.

Is there an alternative? Yes, say city planners. They sum it up this way: "Cities must encourage people to ride by transit instead of by private auto on car-choked city streets. The argument is backed up by some convincing figures. The average auto, according to a national survey carries only 1.7 persons. This means that two-thirds of the available auto space is going to waste. Twenty-nine cars, therefore, are needed to carry but 50 persons. These 50 could all be carried in one public transit vehicle; whereas a person in a moving auto takes up 500 feet of street space, the same person in a moving bus, trackless trolley or streetcar use but 70 square feet.

Many motorists ask: "Why don't cities build more garages and parking lots?" The answer is that there is little space available for such construction. In cities where property has been turned over to parking concessions, the actual number of cars which can be accommodated makes but a meager dent.

Certain measures taken by New York to curb traffic congestion are worth noting. About two years ago, City Hall announced there would be no more curb parking in much of midtown and downtown Manhattan. The purpose of the ban was to speed up traffic on such important arteries as Fifth Avenue and Broadway.

It has proved to be quite successful although many streets still get gummed-up. The old World's Fair parking lot in Flushing Meadows has been opened to Manhattan-bound commuters. Drivers are asked to park here, free of charge, and take a subway the rest of the way to town. This plan is regarded as sound, because it filters off the cars before they reach the congested areas.

San Francisco has long been badgered by traffic snarls and inadequate public transit. Shortly, both may be things of the past. About a year ago, San Franciscans were asked to vote whether they wanted a transit modernization program put in the works. The ballots showed they wanted the program—overwhelmingly.

The city is now buying trackless trolleys, streamlined streetcars and motor buses.

Public conveyances are being made more efficient and attractive. In the field of surface transit, manufacturers of silent electric trolley coaches are making big strides. This newest of public vehicles has always won favor because it is quiet and does not produce objectionable engine fumes. Many of the coaches that serve Atlanta, for instance, are completely air-conditioned. In Cincinnati, radios, designed to bring the transit rider music while he travels, have been installed. In other cities, the builders have installed high windows, so that the straphanger doesn't have to stoop to see his stop. Even the raucous signal buzzer has given way to melodious chimes in many trackless trolleys.

While such improvements in transit vehicles have been a long time coming, they bid fair to make riding in the future more pleasant.

BIG TOWN
YOU ARE ALL HELPLESS.... THE WHOLE CITY OF BIG TOWN IS HELPLESS! IF ANYONE TOUCHES ME, I'LL BLOW UP EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING AROUND ME!
IN BIG TOWN'S DARKENED STREETS STALKED A WEIRD, SINISTER FIGURE THAT COULD SUMMON VIOLENT DEATH AT ANY MOMENT--A FIGURE THAT WAS WALKING DYNAMITE! AND BEHIND THE SENSATIONAL ACTIONS OF THIS MAN LAY A BANNER HEADLINE FOR THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS THAT WAS STRICTLY EXPLOSIVE STUFF--AND NOT THE SORT OF EXPLOSION YOU'D FIGURE ON! FOR THIS TIME, STEVE WILSON, THE NEWSPAPER'S FIGHTING EDITOR, ATTENDS A T.N.T. PARTY WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO PULL THE FUSE OF...
"The HUMAN BOMB!"
DAN BARRY

THIS IS BIG TOWN!.. WHERE EVERY NIGHT A THOUSAND DIFFERENT DRAMAS TAKE PLACE! SOME MAKE THE HEADLINES...SOME GO UNPRINTED FOREVER... BUT THEY DO TAKE PLACE, AND SOME WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN... LIKE THE FOLLOWING ONE ...

IT WAS THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 2ND OF LAST YEAR, IN BIG TOWN. THREE MEN ENTERED A JEWELRY STORE--ONE DREW A GUN. THE CLERK REACHED FOR AN ALARM--AND THE MAN WITH THE GUN BLAZED AWAY... THAT WAS THE BEGINNING...

NO, YOU DON'T--

BLAM BLAM

ALARM

THE CRIMINALS THEN RAN OUTSIDE TO A WAITING SEDAN. THE ONE WHO HAD FIRED THE GUN BARKED TERSE ORDERS...

NO TIME FOR A LIFT JOB NOW! I HAD TO CROAK THE GUY! GET ROLLING!

IT WAS AN HOUR LATER THAT STEVE WILSON, EDITOR OF BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, GOT A PHONE CALL TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL...

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG LORELEI AND I WILL BE, HARRY! IF YOU WANT--WAIT IN THE LOBBY!

SURE, MR. WILSON!

HOSPITAL ZONE QUIET

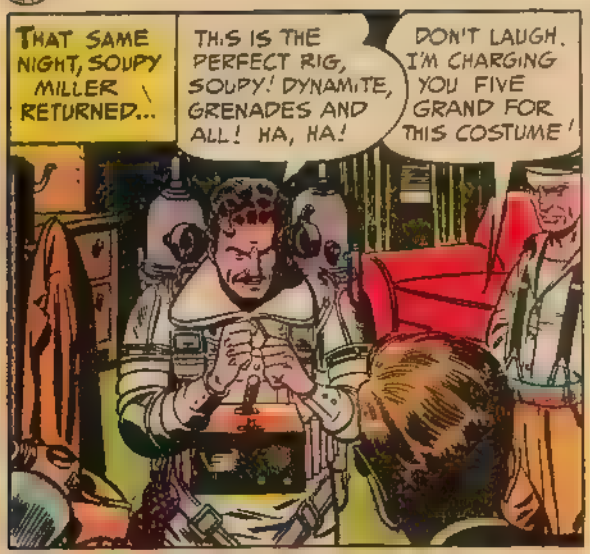
AT THE HOSPITAL, THEY MET SGT. RALPH DARROW, OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. HE LED THEM INTO THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY THE VICTIM OF THE COLD-BLOODED ATTACK...

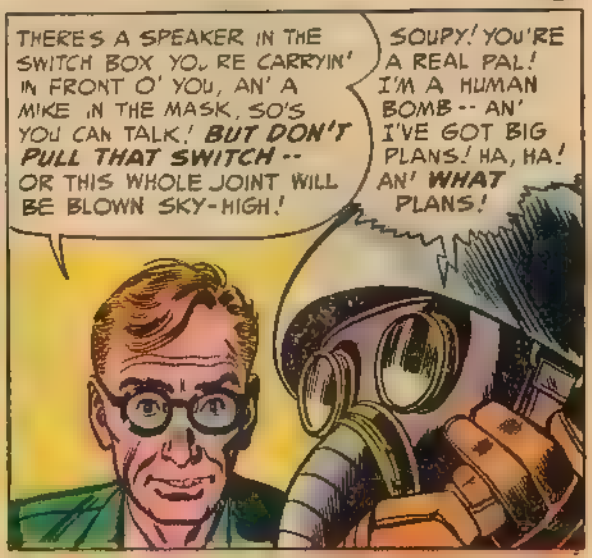
HE WON'T LIVE--BUT I THINK I'VE BROUGHT HIM AROUND TO THE POINT WHERE HE'LL TALK!

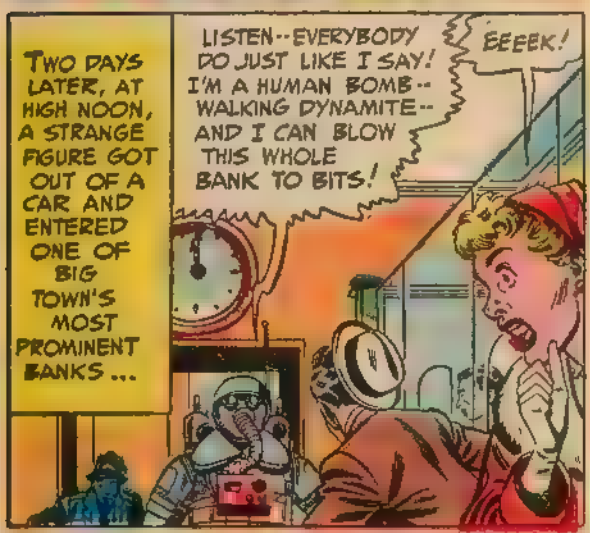
H-HILLERY... HANDSOME HARRY HILLERY...I TRIED FOR THE ALARM... HE FIRED...

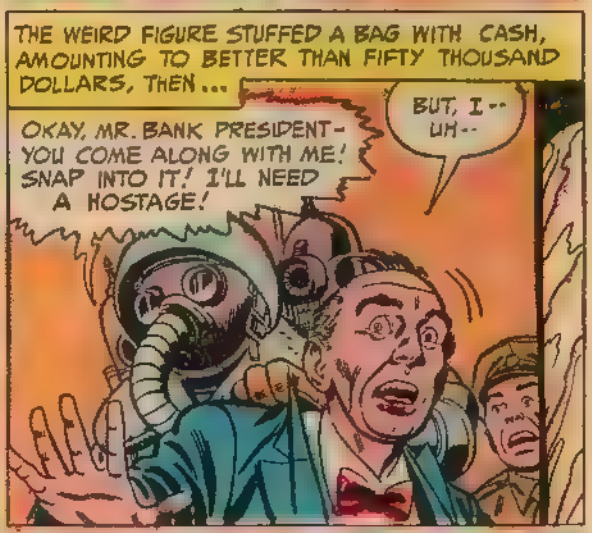
EASY, LAD... EASY... UH! HE'S THROUGH!

BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS HIT THE STREETS THAT NIGHT WITH AN EXTRA...
Illustrated Press
EXTRA DYING MAN REVEALS KILLER! FINGERS "HANDSOME HARRY" HILLERY! EXTRA
AND AT HILLERY'S HIDEOUT...
I GOTTA LEAVE TOWN--MAYBE MAKE IT TO RIO OR MEXICO! THAT STORE CLERK--I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D LIVE THAT LONG...SHOULD'VE MADE SURE OF THE JOB!
BUT HANDSOME HARRY WAS TOO LATE. ALREADY THE DRAGNET HAD BEEN THROWN, AND AT EVERY HIGHWAY, RAIL STATION, BUS DEPOT AND AIRPORT GRIMLY WAITED BADGE-WEARING SENTINELS IN BLUE...
ROAD CLOSED
DRAGNET!
IT WAS A DESPERATE HANDSOME HILLERY THAT STAYED HOLED UP IN HIS HIDEOUT. THEN HE THOUGHT OF A PLAN, A VERY DANGEROUS AND BIZARRE PLAN...
SO THEY WANT ME BOTTLED UP IN BIG TOWN, EH? OKAY--BUT THEY'RE GOING TO REGRET IT! SOUPY MILLER'S COMIN' OVER HERE--AN' HE'S GOT A BIG JOB TO DO!
SOUPY MILLER, EX-SAFE CRACKER, REPORTED TO HILLERY'S HIDEOUT THAT NIGHT, AND...
I WANT SOME SORT OF COSTUME THAT'S GOT MASK AND A MICROPHONE ATTACHMENT, SO I CAN TALK! AND LISTEN, SOUPY--I WANT IT WIRED WITH ALL THE DYNAMITE A MAN CAN CARRY! I'M GOING TO BE A HUMAN BOMB!
SURE, HARRY--I CAN MAKE IT FOR YOU!

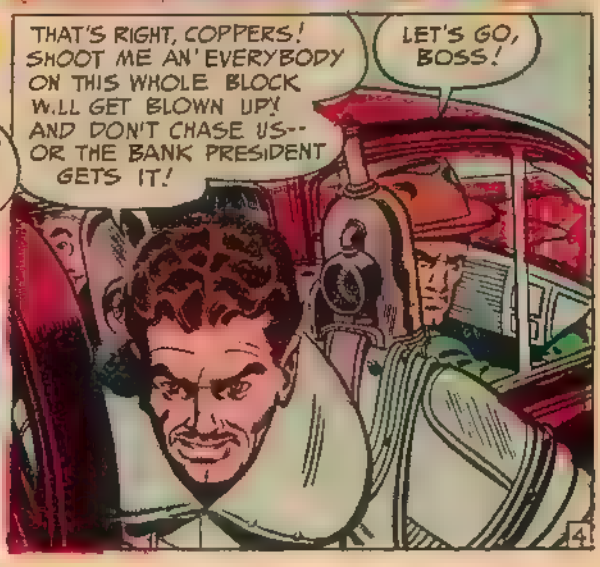

THAT SAME NIGHT, SOUPY MILLER RETURNED...
THIS IS THE PERFECT RIG, SOUPY! DYNAMITE, GRENADES AND ALL! HA, HA!
DON'T LAUGH. I'M CHARGING YOU FIVE GRAND FOR THIS COSTUME!


THERE'S A SPEAKER IN THE SWITCH BOX YOU'RE CARRYIN' IN FRONT O' YOU, AN' A MIKE IN THE MASK, SO'S YOU CAN TALK! BUT DON'T PULL THAT SWITCH -- OR THIS WHOLE JOINT WILL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH!
SOUPY! YOU'RE A REAL PAL! I'M A HUMAN BOMB -- AN' I'VE GOT BIG PLANS! HA, HA! AN' WHAT PLANS!


TWO DAYS LATER, AT HIGH NOON, A STRANGE FIGURE GOT OUT OF A CAR AND ENTERED ONE OF BIG TOWN'S MOST PROMINENT BANKS...
LISTEN -- EVERYBODY DO JUST LIKE I SAY! I'M A HUMAN BOMB -- WALKING DYNAMITE -- AND I CAN BLOW THIS WHOLE BANK TO BITS!
EEEEK!


THE WEIRD FIGURE STUFFED A BAG WITH CASH, AMOUNTING TO BETTER THAN FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, THEN...
OKAY, MR. BANK PRESIDENT - YOU COME ALONG WITH ME! SNAP INTO IT! I'LL NEED A HOSTAGE!
BUT, I -- UH --

THEN, OUTSIDE, THE FIGURE REMOVED THE MASK AND HELMET...
YOU COPS WANTED ME TO STICK AROUND BIG TOWN, EH? OKAY -- I'M STAYIN' -- JUST LIKE YOU WANT IT! AN' YOU'RE GOIN' TO REGRET IT!
THE HUMAN BOMB IS HANDSOME HARRY HILLERY!
OFFICERS! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!


THAT'S RIGHT, COPPERS! SHOOT ME AN' EVERYBODY ON THIS WHOLE BLOCK WILL GET BLOWN UP! AND DON'T CHASE US -- OR THE BANK PRESIDENT GETS IT!
LET'S GO, BOSS!

THE CAR THEN SPED AWAY, UNMOLESTED...

WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

NOTHIN', PAL--EXCEPT DROP YOU OFF AN' LET YOU HITCHHIKE BACK... WHEN WE MAKE SURE THE COPPERS AIN'T FOLLOWIN' US!

NEXT, THE WALKING PACKAGE OF T.N.T. ENTERED THE WINDOW OF AN OFFICE WHERE A FACTORY PAYROLL WAS BEING MADE OUT...

GO AHEAD, YOU DUMB GUARD! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! I **DARE** YOU! BECAUSE YOU'LL BLOW US ALL UP!

FRED--DON'T FIRE! IT'S THE HUMAN BOMB!

FEARLESSLY, THE BOMB TIED THEM UP, STOLE THE MONEY, THEN LEFT BY THE SAME WINDOW HE HAD ENTERED. MOMENTS LATER, A SEDAN PULLED AWAY...

THERE MUST BE THIRTY GRAND HERE, BOSS!

AT LEAST! AND THE JOB WAS A CINCH! STEP ON IT BEFORE SOMEONE FINDS THOSE GUYS AND YELLS FOR THE COPS!

MEANWHILE, AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...

WHAT! THE BOMB STRUCK AGAIN! PAYROLL JOB! OKAY--WE'LL RUN IT ON PAGE ONE...

3¢

Illustrated Press

NIGHT EXTRA

BIG TOWN, U.S.A. THURSDAY

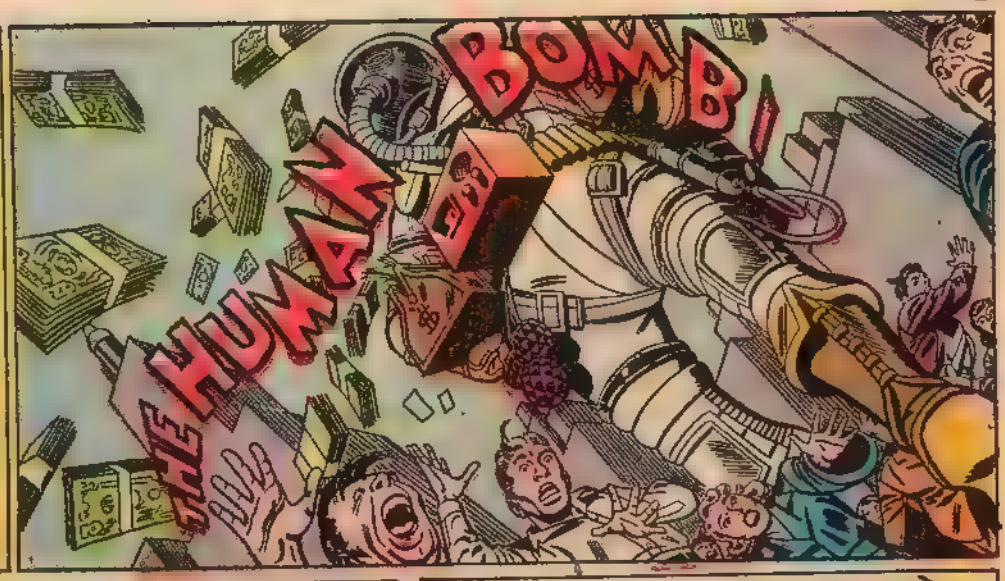
# BOMB STEALS PAYROLL!

YOU'RE BECOMIN' A SENSATION, BOSS! YOU GOT 'EM ALL GOIN' CRAZY! BUT THIS AIN'T GETTIN' YA OUT OF BIG TOWN!

JUST WAIT! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE WHOLE PLAN! BY THE WAY, WHERE'S SOUPY? HIS CUT'S HERE!

HE BROKE HIS EYE-GLASSES AN' IS GETTIN' 'EM FIXED! HE'S BLIND AS A BAT WITHOUT 'EM!

IN THE ENSUING FEW DAYS, BIG TOWN BECOMES GRIPPED IN A STATE OF TERROR! THE HUMAN BOMB ROBBED FREELY, UNAFRAID OF BEING TOUCHED BY THE ARM OF THE LAW!




AND STEVE WILSON -- NORMALLY ONE OF BIG TOWN'S LEADING CRIME-FIGHTERS -- FOUND HIMSELF HELPLESS ...

WHAT CAN ANYBODY DO AGAINST THAT BAG OF T.N.T., MR. WILSON?

I DON'T KNOW, HARRY -- JUST YET! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO CATCH HIM ALONE SOMEWHERE -- WHERE HE CAN'T DO ANYBODY ELSE ANY HARM!

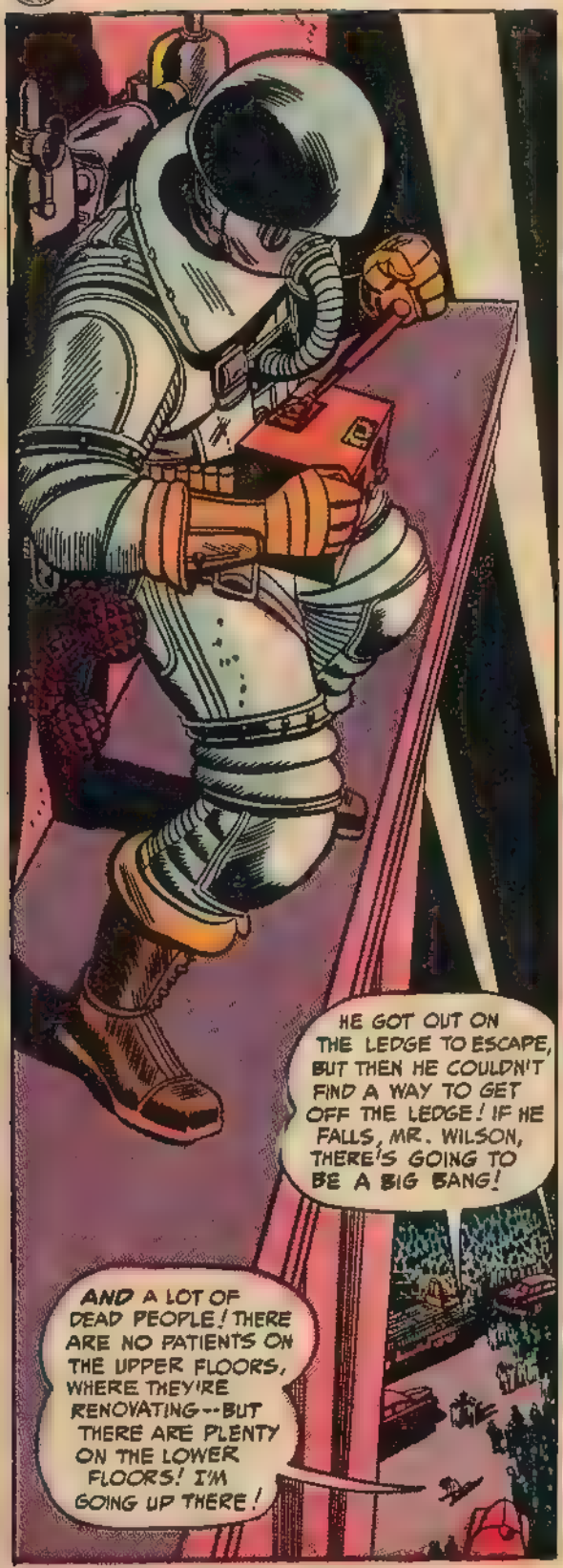
HILLERY'S MAKING PLENTY OF MONEY FROM HIS ROBBERIES, BUT THAT'LL NEVER GET HIM THROUGH OUR DRAGNET OUT OF BIG TOWN! WE'RE STILL WATCHING EVERY EXIT!

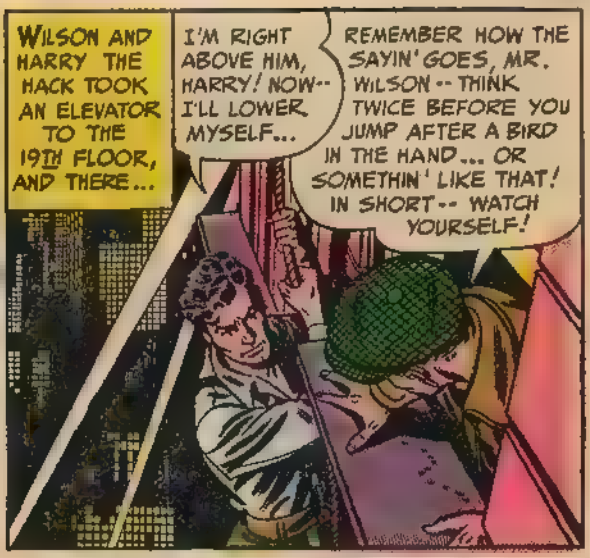
SUDDENLY...

WAIT A MINUTE, HARRY! SOMETHING'S GOING ON HERE AT THE HOSPITAL! STOP THE CAB!

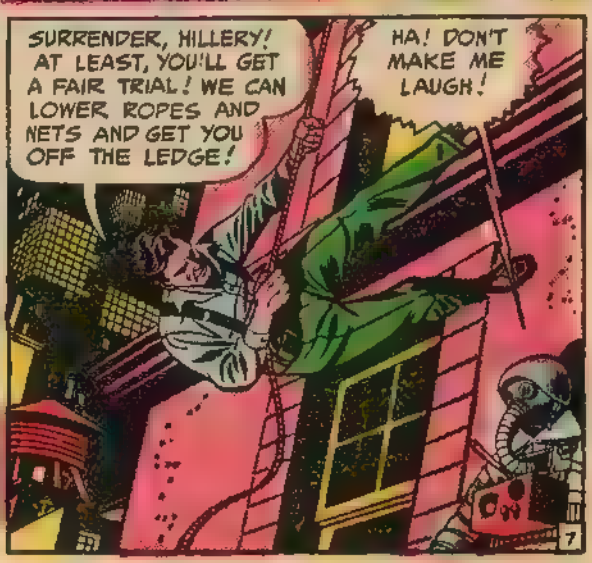
CASEY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

UP THERE, MISTER WILSON -- LOOK! ***IT'S THE HUMAN BOMB!*** HE PULLED A JOB IN THE INSURANCE BUILDING AND CROSSED OVER HERE TO THE HOSPITAL!

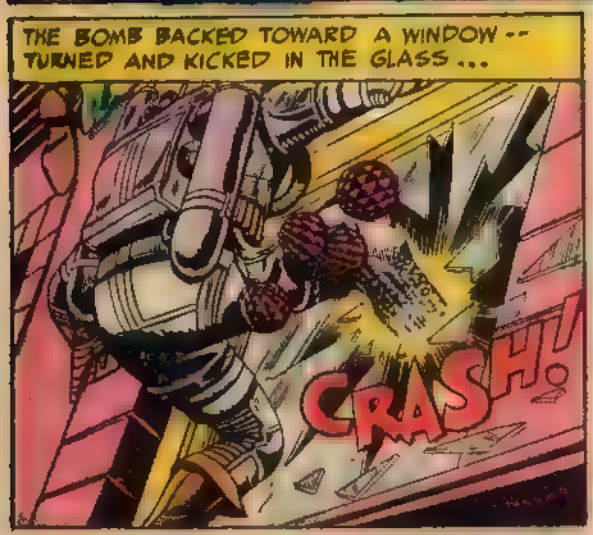

HE GOT OUT ON THE LEDGE TO ESCAPE, BUT THEN HE COULDN'T FIND A WAY TO GET OFF THE LEDGE! IF HE FALLS, MR. WILSON, THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG BANG!
AND A LOT OF DEAD PEOPLE! THERE ARE NO PATIENTS ON THE UPPER FLOORS, WHERE THEY'RE RENOVATING--BUT THERE ARE PLENTY ON THE LOWER FLOORS! I'M GOING UP THERE!

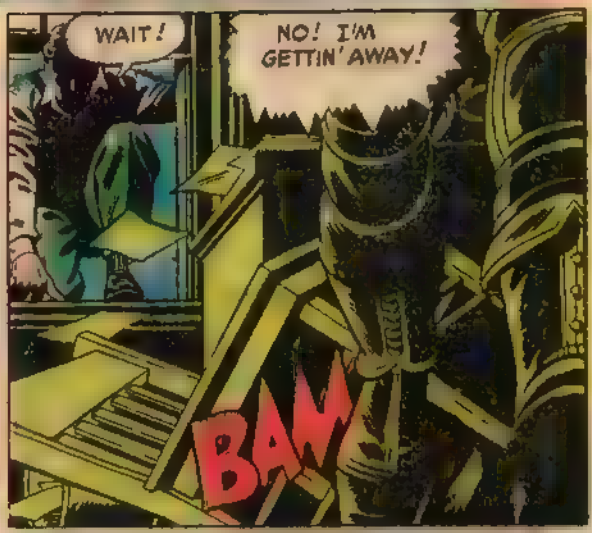

WILSON AND HARRY THE HACK TOOK AN ELEVATOR TO THE 19TH FLOOR, AND THERE...
I'M RIGHT ABOVE HIM, HARRY! NOW-- I'LL LOWER MYSELF...
REMEMBER HOW THE SAYIN' GOES, MR. WILSON -- THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU JUMP AFTER A BIRD IN THE HAND... OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT! IN SHORT -- WATCH YOURSELF!

LOOK! STEVE WILSON'S LETTING HIMSELF DOWN TO THE LEDGE!
HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE IF THAT GUY DECIDES TO BLOW HIMSELF UP!

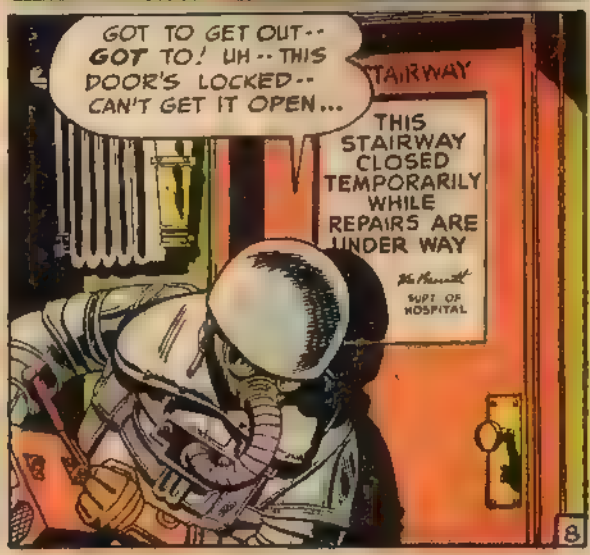

SURRENDER, HILLERY! AT LEAST, YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL! WE CAN LOWER ROPES AND NETS AND GET YOU OFF THE LEDGE!
HA! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

DANGLING THERE, 19 STORIES ABOVE THE STREET, STEVE WILSON PLEADED IN VAIN WITH THE STRANGE FIGURE ON THE LEDGE...
YOU'RE HOPELESSLY TRAPPED! GIVE UP I SAY!
NEVER!


THE BOMB BACKED TOWARD A WINDOW -- TURNED AND KICKED IN THE GLASS...
CRASH!


WAIT!
NO! I'M GETTIN' AWAY!
BAM

THERE HE GOES!


GOT TO GET OUT-- GOT TO! UH -- THIS DOOR'S LOCKED-- CAN'T GET IT OPEN...
STAIRWAY
THIS STAIRWAY CLOSED TEMPORARILY WHILE REPAIRS ARE UNDER WAY
SUPT OF HOSPITAL
8

AGAIN, THE FIGURE OF WALKING DYNAMITE ATTEMPTED TO FLEE, BUT THERE IN THE SILENCE OF THE CORRIDOR HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY-- AND HIS [illegible] FROZE IN [illegible]...

THAT TICKING-- I DIDN'T HEAR IT BEFORE! IT SOUNDS LIKE A WATCH! BUT I DON'T WEAR A WATCH!

SUDDENLY...

A MOMENT LATER, HARRY THE HACK RACED DOWN FROM THE FLOOR ABOVE....

MR. WILSON! MR. WILSON!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THEY BORE THE UNCONSCIOUS EDITOR TO A ROOM ON THE LOWER FLOOR...

STEVE! OH, NO!

IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! IT'S LUCKY HE THREW HIMSELF TO THE FLOOR! MOST OF THE SHOCK WENT OVER HIM!

WELL, AT LEAST THAT'S THE END OF HANDSOME HARRY HILLERY-- FORMER KILLER AND WALKING BOMB!

YOU'RE WRONG-- DEAD WRONG! HILLERY'S STILL ALIVE!

WHAT? WE CAN'T BE WRONG! THAT BLAST WOULD'VE BLOWN EVEN AN IRON MAN TO BITS!

I KNOW-- BUT I TELL YOU, YOU'RE WRONG! NOW LISTEN-- DO AS I SAY-- AND DO IT FAST!

THE EDITOR ASKED A FANTASTIC REQUEST--AND THE POLICE SENT HURRIED TELEPHONE CALLS TO VARIOUS PARTS OF [redacted] TOWN. THEN, TWENTY MINUTES LATER-- THE INCREDIBLE OCCURRED...

YOU SAID WATCH ALL BUS STATIONS, AIRLINES, TRAIN DEPOTS AND ROADS, MR. WILSON! SO WE DID! AND WE GOT **HANDSOME HARRY**--JUST LIKE YOU PREDICTED!

IT WAS A GOOD PLAN, HILLERY-- BUT ALMOST **TOO** GOOD! YOUR SCHEME TO GET OUT OF BIG TOWN--AND YET MAKE EVERYBODY THINK YOU WERE DEAD-- HAD A COUPLE OF FLAWS IN IT!

OKAY, WISE GUY--WHAT WENT WRONG?

YOU PURPOSELY GAINED NOTORIETY AS THE HUMAN BOMB, SO THAT WE'D HAVE NO DOUBTS THAT THE MAN IN THE DYNAMITE COSTUME WAS YOU! THEN--WHEN YOU THOUGHT THE TIME WAS RIPE, YOU PAID ONE OF **YOUR MEN** TO PULL A JOB AS THE HUMAN BOMB! HE SUSPECTED NOTHING! RIGHT?

"BUT THE MAN YOU SENT USUALLY WORE GLASSES--**WHICH HE COULDN'T WEAR UNDER THE MASK!** HIS **BAD EYESIGHT** MADE HIM RUN INTO CHAIRS--AND MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO READ OBVIOUS SIGNS..."

THIS STAIRWAY CLOSED TEMPORARILY WHILE REPAIRS ARE UNDER WAY

BAM

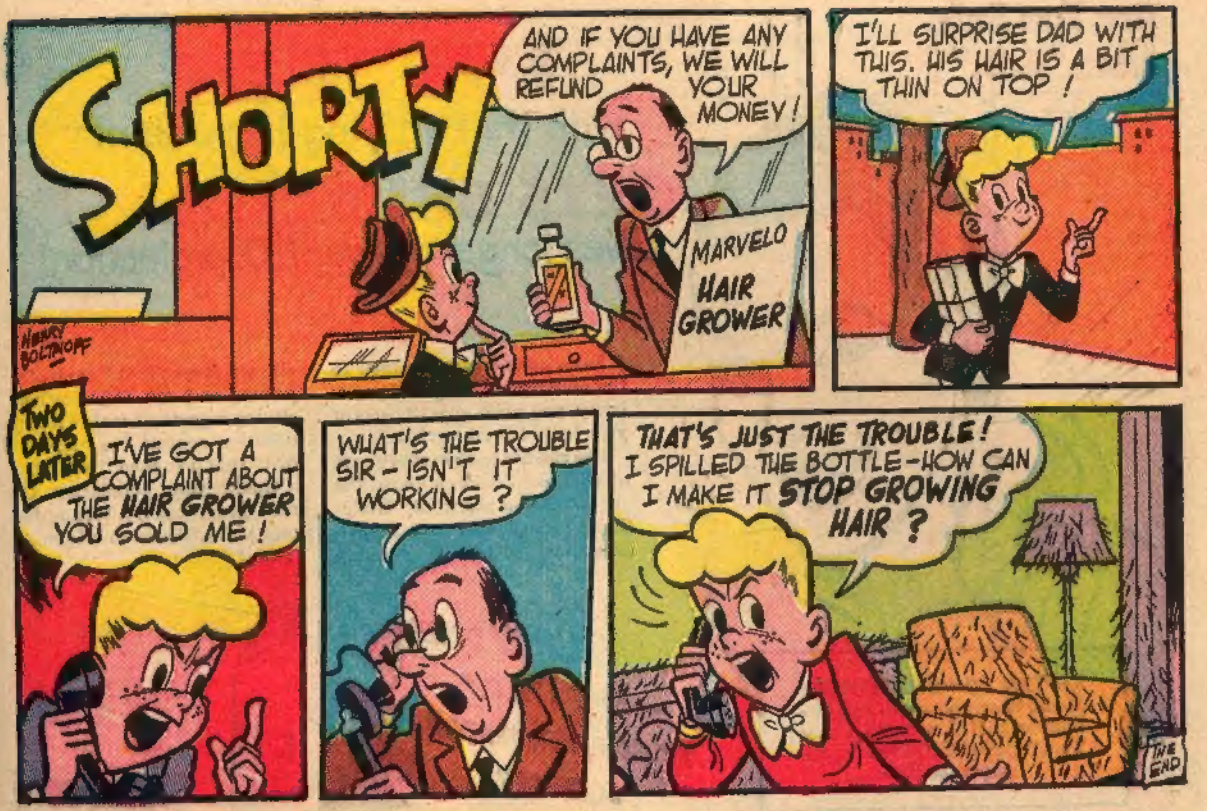
I KNEW **YOU** NEVER WORE NOR NEEDED GLASSES--SO I KNEW IT WASN'T **YOU** BEHIND THAT MASK! YOUR MAN DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD PLANTED A TIME FUSE INSIDE HIS SUIT SO THAT IT WOULD BLOW HIM UP. AFTER THAT, YOU WERE GOING TO FLEE FROM BIG TOWN, AND WERE SUPPOSED TO FIGURE YOU DEAD!

THAT SOUPY WOULD HAVE TO BE **NEAR-SIGHTED!** CONFOUND HIM!

SOUPY? SOUPY MILLER, EH? SO NOW WE KNOW WHO THE BLAST VICTIM WAS! BETTER GET THAT OUT IN HEADLINES, STEVE! THIS IS **YOUR** STORY--AND IT'S A GOOD ONE!

THIS IS ONE TIME THAT **I'LL** GET THE PAPER OUT!

The End


SHORTY
HENRY BOLTINOFF
AND IF YOU HAVE ANY COMPLAINTS, WE WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY!
MARVELO HAIR GROWER
I'LL SURPRISE DAD WITH THIS. HIS HAIR IS A BIT THIN ON TOP!
TWO DAYS LATER
I'VE GOT A COMPLAINT ABOUT THE HAIR GROWER YOU SOLD ME!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE SIR - ISN'T IT WORKING?
THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE! I SPILLED THE BOTTLE - HOW CAN I MAKE IT STOP GROWING HAIR?
THE END

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YES IT'S TRUE! MY SHEETS ARE WHITER NOW THAN THE DAY I BOUGHT THEM
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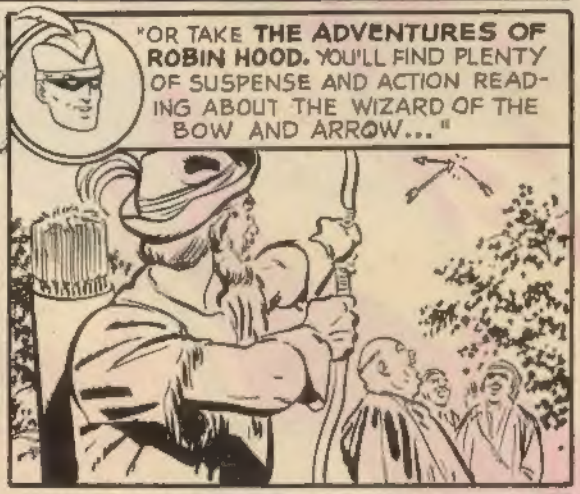
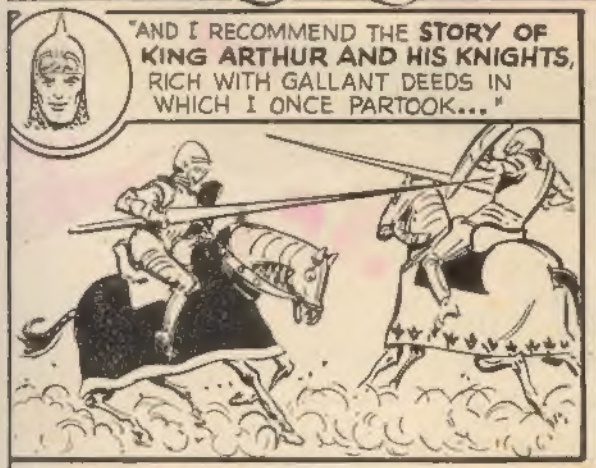
... AND SHINING KNIGHT!
IF YOU LIKE THE INDIAN ADVENTURES I APPEAR IN, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
LAST OF THE MOHICANS BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER


"OR TAKE THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. YOU'LL FIND PLENTY OF SUSPENSE AND ACTION READING ABOUT THE WIZARD OF THE BOW AND ARROW..."



AND HERE ARE SOME MORE--ONLY A FEW OF THE GREAT BOOKS YOU CAN READ THAT WILL TAKE YOU INTO A THRILLING WORLD OF ADVENTURE!
GOLLY! THANKS! WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WE WERE MISSING! I'M GETTING A LIBRARY CARD RIGHT AWAY!
ROBINSON CRUSOE By DANIEL DEFOE
TREASURE ISLAND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
ADVENTURES of TOM SAWYER BY MARK TWAIN
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA JULES VERNE

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# READY

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